McCLELLAN:

WHO HE IS

AND

WHAT HE HAS DONE.

By GEORGE WILKES,

Editor of "WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES,"

201 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

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SINCLAIR TOUSEY, Wholesale Agent,

No. 121 NASSAU STREET.

1863.

Press of Wynkoop, Hallenbeck & Thomas, 113 Fulton St., N. Y.

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PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

The following articles are portions of a series which appeared originally in *Wilkes' Spirit of the Times*, and which were devoted to the review of General McClellan and his battles, from the time of the commencement of his career at Ball's Bluff, down to what Mr. Wilkes has justly characterized as "the unspeakably disgraceful battle of Antietam." The campaign in Western Virginia, which at most was but a series of skirmishes (and which, notwithstanding its boasted battles, and pompous bulletins, summed up a loss of merely forty killed and two hundred wounded), was early credited by Mr. Wilkes to Rosecrans; and this judgmentwas all the more strikingly sustained by the subsequent proofs that, while McClellan could never be induced to venture into battle, Rosecrans was always present where his soldiers were engaged, and at Murfreesboro' embarked his fortunes continually in the very outer wave of action.

It is worthy of observation, that Mr. Wilkes was, at the outset of the war, one of those writers who entered most warmly into the advocacy of McClellan, and was only detached from his support when he saw him refuse, for seven months, to attack the rebels at Manassas, though he had over two hundred thousand troops, and could have found them at the mere distance of a morning's march. The subsequent turning of his back upon these retreating rebels, in order that he might make a roundabout voyage to the Peninsula, and thus give them time to reinforce at Richmond, at once revealed either that he was devoid of courage or capacity, or that his real intentions were not exhibited upon the surface. It was under these irresistible convictions that Mr. Wilkes began to criticise McClellan's movements, and in placing a few of his articles before the public, in connected form, it is not out of place to state, that the universal verdict of the country has attributed more influence to them in

removing McClellan from command, than all other pressures put together. After appearing in the *Spirit*, they were widely reproduced in other newspapers of the North and West, and thus they developed that indignant public sentiment without which the President (misled by the spurious applause of the Tory organs) would scarcely have felt warranted in doing his duty in the premises. The article headed "McClellan inside and out," and which is printed as the second of this compilation, was attended with the most remarkable success of all. Notwithstanding its great length, it was republished in all quarters of the country, and its argument has generally been regarded as the blow which struck the bogus military idol from its pedestal. It is only necessary to say, in explanation of its opening paragraph, that it was especially provoked by the action of two brigadiers whom McClellan had sent to New York to stimulate the raising of recruits, and who, while glorifying Little Mac as a miraculous genius, imprudently denounced all adverse criticism of their idol, as springing either from "ignorance or from traitorous motives."

S. T

PHILOSOPHY OF IDOLATRY.

IS McCLELLAN A HERO?

New York, July 9, 1862,
Office of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

The vagaries and idiosyncrasies of the human mind are a constant puzzle to philosophers. They observe the people of one age overturning the dearest theories of another, and not unfrequently behold them relapsing into follies which an intervening generation had repudiated with the most logical contempt. Casting our eyes over the long spectacle of wrecked ideas which strew the heaving billows of the past, it would seem almost as if Reason were a thing of chance; and that mankind, hopelessly involved in the meshes of its own imperfections, instinctively prefers to wallow in congenial error, to being strained by the erectness and higher activities of Sense.

The memory of the mass, governed by this principle, reverts with a sort of languid pity to those patriarchal times, when communities would meet together in a plain and choose the tallest man among them for their governor. It next yields its admiration for that civilized advancement which transferred the earlier homage, to the ambitious brows of the most wholesale murderer in the nation; and finally, with an equally inconsistent change of fancy, settles with complacency upon the picture of millions, bending in submissive awe before the sceptre of a woman, or the dominion of a skirted priest.

The human mind is unfortunately so constructed that it may become the prey of any passion. There is no falsehood so startling, no theory so repugnant, no imposition so extreme, that it may not find shallow waters in the mind for its reception, and retentive harbors of belief. In turn, men have worshiped at the shrine of the toad, the fox, the serpent, the bull, and even the dripping tiger. In turn, again, there have been idolaters who have abased themselves before hideous shapes of wood, who have adored the elements, who have made sacrifices to the sun and stars, and there have been, also, even those who, disdaining the celestial competition, have turned their backs upon the entire Pantheon, and founded a worship to "The Unknown God." Nay, in our own times we are the slaves of images, and we can hardly plume ourselves in pride of reason, over the judgment of the heathen, when we find leading intellects among us, still utterly at war, amid a hundred vital contradictions of the Church. The impostures of Mahomet, the delusions of the veiled Prophet, and the assumed divinity of the Grand Lama, have been slavishly imitated by Christian civilization, in the case of John of Leyden, of the New York Matthias, of Joe Smith, and of Brigham Young, the present Mahound of the West. History has repeated itself in the same way in regard to rulers; and it frequently renews its lessons of the transient fame of the unworthy, by dropping them from the end of the pipe-stem where they had pranced, to the gross level of unrelieved contempt. Merit, alone, can stand the test of time; and charlatans and humbugs, though tolerated for a season, are invariably detected by the people, and driven off the public grounds.

There are many curious features in this philosophy of popularity, but none more singular than the fact, that nearly all sudden reputations will prove to have been built upon an inverse ratio of merit; while substantial characters

ever wear the continuous inspection marks of years. There is something, however, so delightful in delusion, and admiration makes so light a draft upon the thought, that most persons take to it with a powerful relish, and once a hurrah is afoot, the inclination to join in takes like an epidemic. Man is an imitative animal; a yawn will go round an audience through a mere sympathy of the jaws, and when we have beheld courts and juries perverted from their judgments by the very magnetism of a surrounding sentiment, and seen law-loving communities trample the statutes under foot—when, stranger still, we have seen whole nations take a baboon, or a reptile, for their deity, or glorify some monarch for a conqueror who dared not look upon a sword, it is not so surprising that the present generation should be willing to swallow a hero who might have been cut out of a turnip, or, in the perplexities of public infidelity, turn to the worship of an unknown God.

In matters of adoration, the zealot relies blindly on the theme; he disdains to argue except with those ardent in his own persuasion, and sternly represses all inclination to investigate, as an unpardonable imputation on his faith. So far from reasoning, therefore, he will not even read, and locking up what intellect he has, he, with a stubborn loyalty, regards as enemies all who would question his opinions. It is the old phenomenon repeated, of dogged ignorance struggling against revelation; and thus the world wears along, progressing only inch by inch, over the obstacles of its own passions, and placing itself, through its ready partialities and prejudices, completely at the mercy of every schemer who understands the keys.

We fancy that one of these singular infatuations is prevailing now. Our society, struck from its balance, disturbed in its ideas, bewildered by its danger, and almost discouraged by the absence of all genius from its counsels, has followed the instincts which belong to ignorance, and, in an unlucky moment, anchored its hopes upon an unknown leader, on the bare warrant of his own pretensions. The careless observer, while studying the man, might permit himself, through a love of country, to rejoice at the weaknesses of character which seem guarantees against a dangerous ambition; but in these defects, and in that want of promptitude and courage which result in imbecility, lie the concentration of all danger. The crafty and unprincipled may easily possess a weak man; and once he has lent himself to oblique counsels, the very best qualities that he possesses—those qualities that express faithfulness to friendship and loyalty to personal alliances, are made the auxiliaries of the darkest schemes.

The field for the analysis is clear. There were no special obstructions in McClellan's path to glory. Everybody contributed their aid to make him a great man. The President lifted him to the most dazzling authority in the nation; the universal voice accorded him the qualities of Cæsar; a lavish country placed incomparable and astounding legions in his hands, and the whole world looked on to see this child of genius, launch his quintupled thunders upon his meagre and cowering game.

There was no difficulty in the Young Chieftain getting to his foe, for they frequently challenged him within five miles of his lines; there was no reason why he should dread the mere handful of the enemy, for their troops were just as inexperienced as ours; but still the New Napoleon would not fight, and, with a strange fortitude to insult, endured the rebel flag under his nose, and a blockade of the Capitol, during a period of five marching months, without the least sign of irritation. Everybody wondered what could be his plan, but still they did not question his ability; and even half-misgiving minds kept hurrahing for him to their neighbors, like the schoolboy in the church-yard, o sustain their own waning faith. We, among the rest, suspecting all objecion to him as disloyal, helped to domineer down the grumblers, and insisted,

that in due time, his intentions would be wisely developed to the nation. But we never once suspected (nor, did the public who so faithfully supported him) that his plan was to let the insignificant forces of the enemy retire without harm, until, with a generous inversion of the art of war, he could seek him in his lair, and accept the odds against himself. This was not the practice of the Old Napoleon; but the reputation of our unfledged chieftain was so high, it was expected he would eclipse all previous reputations, and save the country by some mysterious military spell. The allowed retreat of the enemy from Manassas, however, shook the faith of many a worshiper, and scores of men of sound capacity, who, in the ardor of a trusting patriotism, had till now, shirked the task of thought, openly condemned the insensibility of our legions as disgraceful. Still our Young Napoleon was as imperturbable as the Sphinx, and the country was obliged to find meagre solace, in the rather dubious felicitation, that General McClellan was unoubtedly "a child of genius," as he concealed his plans with profound secrecy from every one. We bear in mind, that the same compliment was frequently lavished upon General William Walker, of Nicaraguan fame; but we also bear in mind, that what was mistaken in the filibuster chief for profundity, and great reserve, was really vacuity, and that he never had a plan, or could comprehend to-day what would be good for him to do to-morrow. He, too, was "a child of genius," and there was a time, when the whole world occasionally showed a disposition to knock off work, in order to accept the little gray-eyed man of destiny for a historical Colossus. Like those of this class of heroes, however, he depended rather too much on destiny, and probably imagined that he had but to make an incantation with the six cuts of the sword, previous to jumping into bed at night, to have responsive destiny seize him by the slack of the trowsers, and make a Napoleon of him in the morning. He once held Granada with fifteen hundred men, and had steamers regularly bringing him recruits from both sides of the continent, every fortnight, but he throttled the transit lines to extort a subsidy, and having thus deprived himself of resources, declared war against all Central America. The result was, that his fine troops were soon played away against a lot of negroes and half breeds, and the poor creature fell below the level of derision. But comparisons are odious.

Months still elapsed after the evacuation of Manassas, with our Eastern army rusting in inaction, while the West was laying up glory in store for future political dominion, by victory upon victory of the most brilliant character. Our Young Napoleon was the only general who had contributed no triumph to the country, and who gave his troops no chance to vindicate the equal valor of their section. At length, between the heroic respirations of the West, common attention became riveted upon McClellan, and he was forced to march.

Instead, however, of moving upon Richmond by the direct path, *en masse*, covering Washington and employing his whole army as he went, he left nineteen thousand and twenty-two troops to defend the capital, and took one hundred and fifty-eight thousand with him, to sea, at an expense of fifty millions, and grouped them under his own banner in the Peninsula. Here was a power fit for anything, if rightly wielded, and capable, according to his own pompous promise, of "driving the insolent enemy to the wall." But lo, in a few short weeks, we behold this army, with our Cæsar at its head, shattered, decimated, nay, reduced of its numbers by full seventy thousand, with the remainder virtually captives in their lines.

If these are facts, then Cæsar is a failure; and the man who refuses to exercise his reason on the subject, is unfit to be a citizen. Fortunately, the Government, which never withheld from him a single soldier, nor dictated

to him a single plan, but which has suffered greatly from the slander of those who thought him good timber for a President, has already publicly recognized his incapacity, and sent for General Halleck to supplant him. The maxim "better late than never" comes to our consolation at this crisis, and we hope to see some speedy action taken to save the remainder of the proud legions which our Marlborough has stranded in the mud near Turkey Bend. If he, and they, cannot be safely extricated from their present position, Pope had better be sent down, in a direct road upon the rebel stronghold, with sufficient force to make a demonstration that will enable the beleaguered Alexander to come out and co-operate with the attacking and directing force. But no more troops should be sent to the Peninsula, unless we wish to consign them to a certain ruin; and above all things, McClellan should be required to act subordinate to the orders of the chief of the relieving army. Give him scope again, and the employment of the spade will once more set aside the use of arms, and the settlement of the country be postponed, until earth shall supersede the use of brains. Whether Pope be the proper man to rescue Pompey, we, who have so burned our fingers with undue eulogium, hardly dare assert; but we know he has acted like an intelligent commander in the West, and that credits him with a broad margin for reliance. As for McClellan (who, to judge by his year of leadership, is perfectly capable of playing away Europe against Nova Scotia, if permitted to control the game), he must consent to be saved in any way he can, and then to be retired to some post, where, under good direction, his limited talents as an expert, may be rendered serviceable to the country. This has been military practice and alternative since the days of Pyrrhus down to the times of Canrobert, McDowell and Lorencez; and there is no reason why the chieftain, whose sole achievement has been to manipulate an invading force of nearly a quarter of a million out of practical existence, and whose last masterly exploit was to abandon thousands of his stricken, pleading soldiers to perish miserably in their tracks, should be exempted from the wholesome rigor of their rule.

McCLELLAN INSIDE AND OUT.

"Mene, mene, tekel upharsin."

New York, August 4, 1862.
Office of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

The strategy of the dazzling military genius who led his troops into the marshes of the Chickahominy, only to run them out so fast that he left his moaning wounded and his dead behind, has taken a new direction. Not having driven the enemy "to the wall" or conquered Richmond, as he promised, he now meditates a march against New York, and has sent a brace of oratorical brigadiers, to straighten public sentiment, and teach us how to estimate true glory. We were not aware he was so hard pushed by criticism; but we have no doubt that he will be just as successful in this last effort, as he was in his superb operations on the James.

The Commissioners he sends us are among the profoundest soldiers of the age, and having had the full experience of a year in arms, are thoroughly qualified, not only to declare the degrees of warlike merit, but chartered to denounce all adverse question of their Young Napoleon, as proceeding "either

from ignorance or traitorous motives." It is, perhaps, not a matter of much significance, that these veteran disciples of Marlborough and Vauban depend upon the countenance of Young Napoleon for their promotion; or, perhaps, of moment, that General ——,* (to whom we especially refer) is alleged to have charge of the hard task of steering him through his troubles; for these offsets to their credit are entirely eclipsed, and the defense of Napoleon made perfect, by the shrewd and powerful proofs presented in his behalf in such convincing terms as "noble leader"—"gallant, indomitable, and unconquerable chieftain," and "glorious Little Mac!"

There is a saying, however, that even the best actors on the stage are the very worst judges of the play; and on the strength of that great truth we will, while granting the sincerity of these gentlemen, take the liberty of again looking behind the curtain, and of making a diagnosis of the principal performer.

To begin, then, at the beginning, for even the prologue of a mighty tragedy is of moment, we will glance at one or two of our hero's antecedents which bear upon the action.

George B. McClellan was born in a Free State, and after receiving his education at West Point, embarked upon the world with a lieutenantcy. He, for a long time, preferred to take up his residence in the South, and soon became conspicuously known as a man of southern proclivities and feelings. While living in New Orleans, he was noted for his intimate companionship with Beauregard, and when that worthy ran for Mayor, and built an earthwork and temporary barricade to resist a threatened assault by his opponents, he placed his trusty friend McCellan in charge of the redoubt.

At an early period, we find McClellan deeply identified with southern filibustering schemes, and finally trace him to a prominent command in the Lone Star Association. The objects of that organization were, notoriously, the expansion and perpetration of American slavery, by the forcible conquest of Cuba and its annexation to the South; and it is plain that McClellan, from his intimate intercourse with the leaders of the movement, was fully versed in all the secret aims of the conspiracy. The Philadelphia *Daily News*, of July 28, thus briefly states the leading features of the movement:

"General Quitman, of Mississippi, was chosen Generallissimo. The five officers next in rank to him were also to be Americans, and officers of the regular army. To General Quitman was confided the delicate duty, not of selecting, but of purchasing, the swords and hearts of these.

"He was a man of address. The offer was liberal, the terms being a cash payment of ten thousand dollars, with Cuban contingencies to each, and he succeeded in completing contracts with Albert Sidney Johnson, Gustavus W. Smith, Mansfield Lovell, J. K. Duncan, and George B. McClellan.

"Smith and Lovell received their money, resigned from the army, and entered upon their new duties. But before the final arrangements were consummated with our future General-in-Chief, Marcy, then Secretary of State, in violation of the plighted faith of President Pierce (who was himself a filibuster) directed the Collector of the Port of Mobile to seize and detain the two vessels laden with arms and munitions of war, then lying in that port. His subsequent acts prevented the expedition. The question of Lieutenant McClellan's resignation was held in abeyance some days, when the inducements to it were necessarily withdrawn."

The editor of the *News* might also have stated, in this connection, that,

*This name is left blank because the officer to whom it alludes is one of the most loyal and able in the army, and has by this time, like the writer, doubtless entirely changed his opinions of the military abilities of Little Mac.

previous to these nefarious "Lone Star" movements, McClellan had been stealthily dispatched to Cuba by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, on a mission of military observation, as the secret service records of the Government undoubtedly will show.

The failure of the Lone Star Expedition left our young hero without any definite prospects, but his good fortune kept Jefferson Davis at the head of the War Department, and that excellent man having always regarded Mc Clellan with exceeding favor, and wishing to reward him, probably, for his sympathies with the South, promoted him to be a captain of infantry, and then raised him to the dazzling station of Chief of the Commission of Observation which represented the army of the United States before Sebastopol. True to these *souvenirs*, and the tendencies which they created, he, after his return, united himself with the Breckenridge Democracy, the plot of which, on the part, at least, of its southern engineers, was to either throw the election to the "House," or, by the return of Lincoln to the Presidency, to seize the opportunity for revolution.

Now, these antecedents, though they do not affect with absolute suspicion the firmness of McClellan's loyalty, furnish us the cue to the problem which for a long time bewildered us in the extreme; and we can now understand the secret of that wondrous approbation with which the high appointment of the young captain was received by southern generals and Dixie journals. The veil was lifted, too, from what had puzzled us the most, and that was, the miraculous unanimity with which every man of secession principles and doubtful loyalty among us, agreed upon his transcendent talents as a chieftain. Loyal citizens would occasionally differ on his merits; but if a man ever so lightly tinged with "Southern rights" would come in hearing, the peace patriot would be sure to fly into a rage, look threateningly at the critic, as if he more than suspected him to be an Abolitionist, and swear that everybody was in a conspiracy to ruin poor Little Mac! It is true that hundreds of loyal, well-meaning men honestly did the same thing; but while there were some among them who did not, the secessionists adored and lauded him without exception. Throughout the South the same phenomenon was visible, and we would continually hear the Confederate journals saying, that the Yankees had but one great general, and the Abolitionists were trying to ruin *him!*

The distinguished object of such singular laudation could hardly be insensible to its effects. Human nature is governed by a few simple laws. We love those who love us, and it is repugnant to all good feeling to injure and despitefully use those who speak well of us. By the very excellence of his nature, therefore, McClellan was emasculated of a great portion of that vigor and devil which is the first requirement of a fighting general, and he must have painfully felt, in his moments of self-examination, that it was his misfortune to be so universally appreciated. There was one course, however, that was still open to him, and which would obviate the stern necessity of shooting off "Our Southern Brethren's" heads, and arms, and legs. A course, too, which, in the end, might be acquiesced in by Jeff. Davis himself, and give no unappeasable offense, even to Beauregard, or his *confrerers* of the Lone Star Expedition.

This was a great country—it had great institutions and great oceans on either side of it. The American eagle ought to flap his wings over the entire continent, for the benefit of millions yet unborn. It was a shame for *brothers* to be fighting in this way about trifling points of difference, and the thing must be "fixed up." He (McClellan) was just the man to do it. In the South, he was Hannibal, in the North, Cæsar and Napoleon together; and he might, therefore, under the scope of his great place, so manage his campaign, as to drive the enemy into a convention, instead of into battle *a l'out-*

rance. He was backed by the resources of a great country; he felt that he could demonstrate his superiority to his confederate rivals as a soldier to the same extent he had outstripped them as a student in the Academy, and, when at last, by bloodless strategy he should have them cornered, he would signify to them that they had better lay down their arms, be good and loyal citizens again, and he would arrange matters so that everything "would be lovely" and they would have all their "rights."

We do not positively assume this theory in his favor, but it is entirely consistent with the idea of loyalty; and, to say the truth, it is the best we have. And, if perchance we are correct, we can almost imagine the broad and humane expression which spread over his benevolent countenance as this superb idea irradiated and relieved the previously agitated depths of his philosophic mind. In the dim vista of the future, he might behold himself toga'd on a pedestal, crowned with the olive as well as with the laurel, and continually alluded to by poetic orators as the second "Father of his Country."

We find much to harmonize with this idea. His *debut* was made with the announcement that we would carry on the war with as little loss of life as possible, and we have seen that, though the enemy, in vastly inferior numbers, kept thrusting the rebel flag under his nose at Fairfax Court House; nay, at Munson's Hill for several months, he would not give our "Southern brethren" battle. They even blockaded the Potomac on him; nay, with one-third of his numbers, they reduced him to a state of siege, and made daring raids upon his lines from day to day; but the hour had not come to strike the crushing blow (perhaps to needlessly exasperate the feelings of both sides), and he bore the taunts and humiliations of his position with wondrous fortitude. What probably was the most embarrassing part of his position, was the restless chafing of the two hundred thousand bayonets at his back, for an advance; and the only consolation that could possibly have supported himin his trying situation was the consciousness that his motives were correct, and that his plan would bring the country out all right in the end.

He was rather unlucky though, for the war was terribly exasperated in the West by Halleck, Foote, Grant, Pope, Mitchell, Wallace, Curtis, and Sigel; and in the South-west by that rare old Governor, Ben Butler, Farragut, and Porter; and in the South-east by Burnside, Sherman, and Dupont. The East, where we had the most troops and the *greatest general*, was the place where nothing was done at all.

It was something to our Young Napoleon, nevertheless, that the People kept gazing upon him in a sort of admiring trance, and, though they could not by any means penetrate his plans, they hurrahed for his amazing silence and inaction, and offered to "bet their lives (as fifty thousand did, and lost them) that Little Mac wasn't keeping so still for nothing, and that, by-and-by, he would come out all right."

At length, Little Mac did move; and, on his own judgment, he chose the route to Richmond, by the way of the Peninsula. It was not a very direct road, for it obliged him to embark and debark a vast army, and make a long trip by sea—a process that is always somewhat demoralizing to troops, and always very filthy. The cost of the job was worth, in cash, probably some fifty millions—a sum for which he could have built ten railways, and defended them as they went, from Washington to within ten miles of Richmond.

The choice of route was therefore thought to be a little singular, and some querulous civilians likewise thought it strange, that having so long refused the opportunity to strike the enemy at Manassas, with quadrupled numbers in his favor, he should take a roundabout road, for so great a distance, to receive odds against himself. This, however, was regarded as impertinent, and the Young Napoleon went his way, backed by the hopes and

confidence of the whole nation. He took one hundred and twenty thousand men with him, which was all he asked for at that time. He requested more, and the Government forwarded the divisions of Franklin and McCall, and others, until he had received one hundred and fifty thousand men, and there was but nineteen thousand and twenty-two left behind for the defense of Washington. The Government, which has been so roundly vilified for not having sent him more, could not spare another soldier, for the divisions of McDowell and Banks were the necessary stays against the enemy at Fredericksburg and Warrenton, and there was no surplus in commission. The Young Napoleon, might, however, have had them all, had he remained at Washington, and moved with them upon Richmond from that point; for he would thus have been enabled to cover the capital and the valley of the Shenandoah at the same time, and to have kept the odds, too, on his own side.

But he preferred a more profound and complicated policy, and the result of it was, that the enemy caught him right in the midst of his brilliant strategy, and drove him pell-mell out of it, so that he burned his tents and stores, and fled for a week, leaving his guns in large numbers, and his wounded and his dead behind him. Instead of driving the enemy to the wall, they ran *him* into the mud, and brought him to a terrible standstill for months. The main results, therefore, of his brilliant strategy are, that he has cost the country about five hundred millions of dollars, prolonged the war at least a year, reduced his army practically to seventy thousand men, and in addition to paralyzing it for months, as he once before paralyzed the grand army of the Potomac, he has actually water-logged the navy also, for he has "tied up" several hundred vessels (transports and men-of-war), in the simple duty of feeding and protecting him. The minor results of his genius are, the dejection of the country, a deluge of shinplasters, the sneers of Europe, the hisses of Oxford, the invigoration of the rebel cause in Parliament, and the confident side whisper of old Palmerston to his rampant Commons, that a few weeks longer will bring a still better chance for intervention. Well might the French Princes and Beau Astor leave him in disgust, and well might he send forth his military orators to notify the people that his acts are sacred from analysis, and that he is a great general, *for they know it.*

Now, we have arrived just at the point of this article where we wish to state that we believe he is neither a great general nor a clever man; and to further express our conviction that he is entirely unfitted, by reason of mental inferiority, for any broader military task than the management of a brigade.

There are many ways of testing intellectual capacity, and we know of no case easier for this purpose, than McClellan's. He is a military adept, and he cannot plan; a soldier, and he cannot fight; a scholar, and he cannot write. There is not one of his dispatches that will bear the analysis of a schoolboy; not one of his bulletins which is not bloated with bombast: not one of his statements that is not vague, foggy, or "purely unintelligible."

He first sprang into the public ring, at Rich Mountain, like an acrobat or a rope-dancer. The battle of that name was really performed by Rosecrans; but, though a simple operation, it was well conceived, and, notwithstanding McClellan was not present, it, by the laws of practice, accrues to his credit, as the senior officer.* Well do we bear in mind the tenor of the telegram by which he announced this victory to the world; and we here put it as a point of inference, whether a man, who, after years of laborious scholarship, can be so grossly inexact in the deliberate use of words, can reasonably be expected

* By the same rule, however, he is fully responsible for the dreadful blunders and butchery of Ball's Bluff, for that, the first of his operations as Commander-in-Chief, was planned and ordered by himself.

to exhibit any mental method of planning a campaign; or, to develop accuracy, while arranging battalions amid the perturbations and the heat of action?

"The success of to-day," says our Napoleon, "is all that I could desire. We captured six brass cannons, *of which one* is rifled, all the enemys' camp equipage and transportation, even to *his* cups. The number of tents will, probably, reach two hundred, and more than sixty wagons. *Their* killed and wounded will amount to fully one hundred and fifty, with one hundred prisoners."

* * * "*Their* retreat is complete. * * I may say we have driven out some ten thousand men." * * *

Then, after some further grandiloquent display, Napoleon closes with the following literary cross, between the styles of Mr. Merriman and Uriah Heap:

"I hope the General-in-Chief will approve of my operations."

"Does the razor hurt you, sir?" says the barber, when conscious of his lightest touch. "A little applause, if you please, ladies and gentlemen!" imploringly looks Mr. Merriman, as he crosses his legs and throws out his fingers from his lips, after a clever summersault. There is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous; so the public, not looking for a mountebank, and being struck with this strange style, picked little Mac up for a Napoleon.

Then came the proposition for a bloodless war—imagine the old Napoleon doing that! Next came the cruel exoneration of General Stone, and the wanton defamation of the heroic Baker, who was immolated to their united blunders at Ball's Bluff; next, Napoleon's *low*-toned reflection upon the misfortunes of a brother officer (who would have harvested his victory but for the creature Patterson), by pompously proclaiming "No more retreats; no more defeats; no more Bull Run affairs." Then followed his repeatedly pretended preparations for a battle, and his prescient declaration, that the closely impending conflict would be "short, sharp, and bitter," though time has revealed that, while saying so, he did not mean to fight at all. During all this while, he went riding up and down the lines, assuring "the boys" that if they would "stick by him, he would stick by them," and occasionally telling them, in the imperial vein, to have no fear, for he would expose his sacred person, with them, in the dangers of the field.

We next find Young Napoleon at Yorktown, before the head of an army, with which Old Napoleon would have marched all over Secessia, and back again, in six months; but instead of taking the meagre city by assault, and giving the North and East an opportunity to square accounts of glory with the West, his bloodless strategy was again put in play, and he distributed the shovel instead of drawing forth the sword. At length the Confederates, having detained him long enough to secure the arrival of their reinforcements from the South, made, at their leisure, a masterly retreat, the details of which lasted through four decorous days. Nay, a single spontaneous rebel, with a solitary gun, which he fired on his own hook all night, after the Confederates were gone, stayed the progress of our army for several hours more. Now, mark what our Napoleon did. He did not throw up redoubts before that man—though under his Crimean affliction of mud upon the brain, he must have been sorely tempted to such course—but having ascertained that the enemy had indeed marched out, he immediately sent off a handful of dispatches, stating in set terms, that he had *won a brilliant victory!* Yes, *victory* was the word! Nay, not satisfied with this, and though the enemy had burned all their refuse, and lost not a single wagon, the little Mars, on the following morning, sent off another flood of telegrams, announcing that our *victory*, at Yorktown, had proved to be even more *brilliant* than he had at first supposed. This gross misuse of language would seem to indicate

either a conscious want of fighting prestige, (did we say of courage?) or an ignorance of the true weight of words; but if neither this nor that, then he must have intended to foist a false idea on the public. But the climax of this grand absurdity was yet to come, and it did come, in the shape of another telegram, so miserable in its character, so measly with humility, that our cheek still tingles at our share of the disgrace, sustained through it, by general human nature:

"May I be permitted to allow my troops to inscribe YORKTOWN on their banners, as other generals have done?"

This is so pitiable, and, for a commander-in-chief, so deplorably mean-spirited, that we do not care to dwell upon the picture. It could hardly look worse if he had sent the same application to Jeff. Davis, on the subject of the Chickahominy! But the Confederate President had undoubtedly "approved of his operations" in that quarter

Next came the affair at Williamsburgh, where the rear guard of the enemy, finding us pressing after them too closely, turned grandly back and gave us bitter battle. The fight lasted for some seven hours, Gen. McClellan, according to his custom, arrived upon the field after the strife was over, and, having reined up near Hancock's brigade, was made cognizant of their brilliant closing charge. Ignoring, thereupon, all other features of the day, he sent off a dispatch in which he gave credit to that brigade alone. That credit was, doubtless, well deserved, but it had been earned by an incidental operation, lasting not over forty minutes, while the divisions of Hooker, and Keese, and Kearney, and the Excelsior Brigade of Sickles, had been breathing the red flame of battle for six or seven hours. The other reports, however, exhibited the gross injustice of this single compliment, and, at the end of several days, we find Napoleon reluctantly putting forth another bulletin, in which he says, in substance, that *had he known*, when writing his first dispatch, of the gallant services performed by such and such divisions and brigades, he would have done them justice at the time, and in degree as he should learn who else behaved with spirit, he would award *them* equal praise. Was ever any confession, that was extorted under threatened consequences, more abject and significant than this?

But there is a crowning absurdity and contradiction yet to come, as in the case of the Yorktown telegrams, only we regret to say, that the climax, in this case, is more serious than in the other, and hardly reconcilable with ordinary common sense. Two or three days after this latent recognition of a brave army's toils and sacrifices, General McClellan reviewed Hancock's brigade, and having expressed a few words of warm eulogium, he is reported to have said, "You saved our army from disgrace!" Was ever statement like this heard before from a commander, about his army? Who was it that, but for this small squad, would have betrayed us to disgrace? Whas it the *corps d'armee* of the grim old Heintzelman? Was it Hooker's or Kearney's, or Sickles' gallant men? Or, was it any, or all of the regiments whose prowess he had recognized but two or three days before? We do not wish to press the matter, and we hope it is not true. If it be not, it should be denied, for it is too heavy a weight for even Ajax to carry with decorum down the aisles of history.

The next dispatch of our hero relates to the battle of Fair Oaks, where Casey's skeleton division was precariously posted on the far side of the river, and so far in front as to invite the assault of some forty thousand men. This exposed handful of inexperienced troops, lately recruited from Pennsylvania and New York, of course, recoiled, as did the veterans at Shiloh, under the stunning blow; nevertheless, and though hundreds of them strewed the field, they rallied, and bravely withstood the pressure of the superincumbent foe for

full three hours, at the astounding cost, in killed and wounded, of one-third of their entire number. The Commander-in-Chief, according to the reports, did not arrive upon the field until the fight was fairly over. Then gathering the details, probably from fugitives, he dashed off a dispatch, which he ostentatiously dated "From the Field of Battle!" in which he virtually denounced the whole division of the old veteran, as cowards. Lo, in about ten days afterward, he was obliged to swallow one-half this dispatch, as he did that of Williamsburg, and to acknowledge that he, the Commander-in-Chief, who dated his dispatch so blushingly "from the field of battle," had been *misinformed* about the matter. The other half, however, still rankles in the hearts of many a man and woman in the Empire and the Quaker States, whose sons and kinsmen drenched that cruel field in expiation of the fatal strategy of Young Napoleon. The shabby recompense was perforce accepted, but not a citizen of either State, whose stranded youth have been thus fearfully defamed in death, can lightly pass it from the mind. And it is because of this wrong, that we can now say to the anonymous wretches who have flooded us with obscure and insolent epistles about these articles, that we personally feel *we* owe no more undue and criminal forbearance to McClellan's blunders.

But he was not yet done with dispatches, even in relation to this battle; for in the face of the fact, that the enemy had driven him from his camp, with the loss of many guns, and that they had slept upon the very battle ground, our Young Napoleon announced from his waist-deep location in the marsh, that he had gained a decided advantage over them, and secured a better position than before. Subsequent events have shown, however, that, if the position to which he was thus ingloriously pushed was better, the former must have been hell itself. This is certainly a fair conclusion, for in a few days afterward he was driven from the last, at a cost of fifteen thousand men and about thirty cannon; while nothing but the strange valor of our soldiers, and the talent of their able marshals, combining with the fortunate drunkenness of certain Confederate Generals, saved our whole force from absolute destruction. The latter series of actions which effected this result opened at three o'clock on the morning of the 26th of June, but McClellan did not make his appearance on the field until some four or five hours afterwards. The fight thus opened lasted seven days, but though we have read all the printed letters within our reach, about the matter, we fail to find more than one mention of Napoleon, during the prolonged *melée*, and that mention spoke of him and his staff as riding briskly to the rear, while whole columns were sweeping the other way to the attack. A strange epilogue to the "stick by me, and I'll stick by you" orations!

Yes, at the close of affairs, we get another glimpse of him, but then he had made port, and was high up in the rigging of the Galena, with a spy-glass in his hand surveying the turmoil on the shore. He may have been in the centre of every hot encounter, dealing death upon the rebels with his own good sword, but we have failed to hear of it; and it has not been our good fortune to find a single tribute, from any mercurial reporter, describing the modern Napoleon's coolness when some ball fell near him, or noticing the pleasing smile which overspread his face, when the dirt thrown up by some adjacent shell consecrated him with the real baptism of battle. These reports are so usual in campaigns, that it is singular they should be omitted in this case, and the conclusion, therefore, is, either that the reporters were exceedingly remiss, or that no such scenes of signal hardihood occurred.

The first dispatch which our young Commander wrote in relation to this week of battles, was, as the London *Times* has said, about his plans, "purely unintelligible." By dint of study, however, and acute translation, we gather from it, the general idea, that he has outmanaged the enemy, though

by these repeated successes it seems he has been terribly reduced, and forced again to relinquish the musket for the spade, and find shelter between his gun-boats and redoubts.

The dispatch which announced this *fiasco* to the world, again claimed an improvement of position, and with the deliberate intention of imposing on the country, Napoleon announced that he had lost but one siege gun. The *claquers* took this as a cue for their hosannahs, and encouraged by this unexpected demonstration, our hero sent off a semi-official letter, stating that the enemy had *retreated*. It was probably true that but one "siege" gun had been lost, but we were entitled to know how many guns of other calibre and fashion were lost with it. It was not true, in any point of view, however, that the enemy had *retreated*, for McClellan knew perfectly well, that they, having driven him to a cowering shelter under the protection of his men of war, had merely fallen back to a position consistent with their base of operations.

We have thus traced our Young Napoleon throughout the operations of this war, and while we find that nine-tenths of the hopes of the nation were centred on his genius, he proves to be the only chieftain who has brought disaster and disgrace upon the country. Look at him from what point of view we will, he is certainly the most extraordinary General who ever figured on the page of history. He is either a genius or he is nothing, for he follows none of the ordinary theories, and does everything by inversion. He does not believe at all in the policy of attack; he sees no moral loss or disadvantage in enduring siege from inferior numbers; and, with a principle of strategy, not very well established, prefers to fight against heavy odds, to having them. The President required him to move upon Manassas, but he obeyed against his will, and every battle in the Peninsula has been forced upon him by the enemy. When he arrived before Yorktown, with his one hundred and twenty thousand men, there were but eight thousand Confederate troops within its walls, and had he then instituted an assault, and moved thenceforward promptly upon Richmond, he might have escaped the disastrous results which were the tough rewards of his week of *victory*. It cannot be denied that, but for the gun-boats which now cover him with their tremendous engines, his army, which was to "drive the enemy to the wall," would be taken "stock and fluke," and he, perhaps, be figuring in a pen in Richmond. And let us say, that we believe this the only way in which he will ever get to Richmond, from his present *superior* position, unless, by the providence of God, some man more able than himself, shall make a diversion upon the rebel capital, that will enable him to co-operate; or, unless he crawl out of the Peninsula on his transports, back to the true base of operations before Washington.

But he should not be intrusted again with a superior command. His policy is too inexplicable, and he has cost us enough already. The little mud fort which he built for his friend, Pierre Toutant Beauregard, and the place assigned him in the Lone Star movement, behind his associates, Sidney Johnson, J. K. Duncan, Mansfield Lovell, and Gustavus Smith, give the full measure of his value. Nay, if we are to take the word of his admirers, he has furnished it himself; for, conscious of his own defects, he humbly asked the President to be deposed from his high place—and asked it virtually in favor of a man who started in the race for eminence behind him. Alas, for human glory, and particularly for that kind of glory which could not keep its seat, with seven hundred thousand bayonets and a nation at its back.

And this is the chieftain who, we are told, is a "great genius," "a second Napoleon," "a glorious, gallant, and unconquerable leader," and who we are forbidden to discuss, on pain of General ——— suspicion and displeasure.

But, to use a common phrase, this system of dragooning is "played out," the wand of Little Mac is broken, and the public, which furnishes the men and foots the bill, is thinking for itself. We can, therefore, inform Gen. ——— with all the modesty becoming a civilian, that the people of the city of New York, in particular, have of late been very busy in forming opinions in this matter, and we can assure him, also, that many of the best Democrats among us, believe, that if this "gifted" chieftain had died a year ago, the war would have been over, and this country again happy and united.

And they have much cause for this belief, for they saw McClellan unaccountably restrain the chafing army of the Potomac for eight months; and they now behold him outdoing his earlier strategy, by paralyzing the navy also, and, with urgent cries of help, not only weakening the maritime resources of Mobile and New Orleans; but virtually raising the blockade of Charleston harbor. May Heaven protect us from such geniuses! The public at large, though it may not be able to manage an army, can reason on causes and results; and New York, which has been so lavish of its means and men, has a full vote in desiring to be relieved of a leader who is so unlucky. Generals are usually court-martialed for such reverses as have happened to McClellan, and there are instances in history, where unlucky leaders have had the additional misfortune to be shot. General ——— may rest assured that he cannot resurrect his idol by mere epithets and spells of prestige; nor can Young Napoloen himself regain his ground, even by the most gracious devotion of his talents to the duties of the hospital. His army will *not revolt*, as has been threatened, even if he be removed; for they, like the clear-sighted public, must, by this time, be willing to try if a new leader may not bring, at least, a change of fortune.

We would, therefore, respectfully suggest to our friend, General ———, that he had better fire his blank cartridges of laudation without impugning the intentions and motives of his equals; and would advise, that if he be really anxious to recruit his regiments, he offer pledges to our shrinking citizens, that, if they will but enlist, they shall not be consigned to the fatal leadership of the Cæsar of the Chickahominy.

Finally, if General ——— would still defend the genius of his patron, he will, perhaps, favor us with a little light upon one lingering question. The public, without being too importunate, would like exceedingly to know why our noble army was allowed so long to canker in the camps of the Potomac, while the rebel flag, in presence of the Capitol, flouted the manhood and prestige of the nation? *It cannot be that the rising Captain bound himself to the unknown interest which put him forward for the dizzy eminence of chief command, to pursue a prescribed policy, should he be appointed!* for his pride and loyalty would have discarded such prescription, as soon as he found it working adversely for the country. He must have had other reasons; and what those reasons were, and why, with his superabundant troops, which were equally seasoned with the enemy's, he did not "push" the ragged, feeble, and retiring rebels *of Manassas* "to the wall," should no longer be a mystery.*

At this late date, General McClellan, who has received so many favors from the country, will probably have not the least objection to disclose. He can communicate his answer without hesitation, and confidentially, if he desire, for we will tell nobody but the public, and we are all friends here.

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* No one at this time suspected that SECRETARY SEWARD was the man most interested by obligation and ambition, in blunting the edge of the Federal sword; or that it was his influence which always pulled against the vigorous and speedy subjugation of the South.

A REFUTATION.

NEW YORK, August 11.
OFFICE WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

McCLELLAN'S STAFF.—We are informed that an officer, who has lately been on temporary duty with McClellan's staff, says that members of that staff report, that we so sharply criticise Young Rapid only through personal pique for not having been appointed on his staff, after we had used every effort to be placed there. We have repeatedly denied this imputation, and we now, for the last time, desire to say, that there is not the slightest foundation for any such report. We never sought such appointment by direction or by indirection; never thought of, or desired it. If, therefore, any gentleman of McClellan's staff has so reported upon hearsay, he is misinformed; and we desire to add, that if any one makes such a statement, as of his own personal knowledge (which we beg to doubt), he tells a falsehood. We do not know how we can frame a more explicit denial of the report than this.

THE OPIATE OF THE NORTH.

NEW YORK, August 25, 1862.
OFFICE WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Whenever the community are awakened from a dream, they turn upon the innovator, though laboring in their cause, and suspect him for an enemy. And this is most strikingly evinced when the illusion is one of popular idolatry, for the affections are always loth to reason, and it is a noble characteristic of the public heart, that it clings to misfortune more readily than it yields to proof. There are degrees of pressure, however, when the adoration of even the most enchanted worshiper breaks down; a state of prevailing evidence, when the cold north wind of common sense must split a relieving road through the fogs of even the mistiest brains. We believe that this state of comprehension has come about, in regard to Little Mac.

Little Mac has now been on experiment a year. To help him to a successful demonstration, the Nation gave him seven hundred thousand bayonets, placed to his draft many hundred millions of money, and declared him the chief heir of its fortunes, if he would but crush a handful of audacious malcontents who had risen in rebellion. Nay, the rebels themselves, as if conspiring to confirm a brilliant destiny, grouped themselves before him for months, in handy striking distance, and with their meagre numbers seemed to taunt him on the road to fame. But, with a forbearance to temptation more striking than that exhibited by Cæsar on the Lupercal, he constantly put back the dazzling invitation, and made but one reluctant footstep on the road to fame, and that, too, under protest.

The Government and People wished him to push on, whereupon, being much annoyed by the general impatience, he revealed his long concealed plan of a campaign on the Peninsula. The President and the Secretary disapproved the policy, but inasmuch as Little Mac insisted that by this route he needed but one hundred and twenty thousand troops to capture Richmond, the President, not being a Napoleon, yielded to the military adept, who he thought was one. Little Mac took one hundred and twenty thousand troops with him, he was reinforced by forty thousand more; he exhibited his satisfaction in repeated boastful telegrams—but lo, after four months of "brilliant strategy," and the full development of his vast genius, he is back to where he started from, with one half his army lost, the country heavily disgraced, and himself superseded of his baton by a rival who started in the race behind him. Whoever, therefore, wants Little Mac for their hero are heartily welcome to him

We detected his deficiency as a commander when he refused to assault Yorktown and its garrison of bare eight thousand; we were confirmed in our judgment when he permitted the insurgents to be reinforced to the extent of sixty-seven thousand, and then, after having checked him for a month, march away to Richmond without losing even a single man. Our mind was thoroughly impressed, moreover, with the bombastic imposition that this was a "*brilliant victory*"—a victory which should be emblazoned on the Federal banners and proudly enrolled in history! At every fresh step, new evidences of imbecility made us more and more restive with Mac's policy, and at last, when we saw Hooker abandoned to superior forces for seven hours, at Williamsburg, and Casey's division sent unsupported on the further side of the Chickahominy, in the true Ball's Bluff style of strategy, we considered it our duty to rebuke, as far as one reviewer could, any more such demonstrations with our troops.

We, then, for the first time laid our thoughts before the public, and we are encouraged to believe, that though there still lingers some fond resistance in well-meaning minds for glorious Little Mac, the great mass are disenchanted of his spell, and his remaining troops are rescued to a more capable command. We never met General McClellan, have never sought to do so; have mingled always with his friends, and have no animosities against him. The base and ignorant have had suspicions to the contrary, and we have been subjected now and then to strong abuse; but this, as we have said before, only shows how great was the necessity for boldly speaking as we did, while the rush of opinion latterly in our favor measures the public service we have rendered. Seven weeks ago we said that "he could not reach Richmond from his position on the James, except as a captive; and that unless some leader, abler than himself, should extricate his stranded forces and restore them to the true base of operations, nothing but the Providence of God could save him from capitulation." Well-meaning, loyal friends entreated us not to publish that opinion, but we did publish it, and, since that publication, the President has superseded him, and General Halleck, against Napoleon's protest, as the journals of the morning state, insisted upon his coming out of the Peninsula. His eulogists are bursting with admiration that in this final "change of base" he did not lose a man; but no enemy pursued, for the General who took pains to extricate him was intelligently occupying, the attention of the insurgents in another quarter.

So far from being McClellan's enemy, therefore, we have proved ourself his most serviceable friend; for we have contributed largely to his escape from utter ruin, and have not helped to render him ridiculous by calling his disastrous movements and retreats Napoleonic strokes of genius. We have, indeed, presented for him the only theory against the worst accusation of his foes, and if he be a man of generous mind he will recognize the favor. It is his flatterers and apologists only who have done him wrong; and those who have administered the hardest blow are they who accused the government with refusing to send him all the troops he wanted, and with being responsible for the failure which succeeded Williamsburg.

One question disposes of these critics in a breath. Let us suppose he had demanded more troops from Washington, knowing as he did the meagre number in that quarter; and let us suppose further that he had received them—what would have been the fate of the capitol to-day?

One other question. Did he have any ascertained number of troops under him when he said he intended to push "the rebels to the wall?" Did he have fifty thousand? Did he know, for certain, he had ten? If yes, then the assertion that he had not troops enough for his purposes, vanishes entirely, for this phrase was uttered as late as Williamsburg, when he could expect no

more recruits, and he is therefore fully responsible for every reverse that followed.

Having thus vindicated McClellan from the injurious inferences which unreasoning parasites had lodged against him, we now take leave, and commend him to better fortune in the future, and we hope that, in the new position in the service to which Halleck may assign him, he may escape the horde of flatterers who seem to have perplexed his brain, and be enabled to render a service to the country commensurate with his abilities.

In reward for the trouble which we have expended on this topic, we would ask, in the name of the public, but one simple favor, and that is, that Little Mac would tell us all, confidentially, if he desire, why he so long held back his quadrupled legions from attacking the rebels at Manassas, and why, after he had been forced, against his will, to drive them off, he stubbornly refused to "push them to the wall."

There is no reason why this question should not be replied to. Our army was kept under canvas amid all the blasts of winter, as if hourly awaiting a proper opportunity, while the rebels, but a few miles in front, were cosily domiciled in comfortable huts, and not disturbed till March. It would appear as if this inquiry might now be safely answered. We hope we are all friends here?

THE TRAGEDY AT CENTREVILLE.

NEW YORK, September 27, 1862,
OFFICE WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

In looking over the queer campaign of Maryland, we are forcibly reminded of some of the leading features of McClellan's operations in the Peninsula, and in the recent complications of the late movements at Manassas. The report of Gen. Hooker will establish that, when we might have crushed the enemy at Williamsburg by reinforcements and pursuit, those reinforcements were refused. It was Sumner who had charge of the reserves on which Hooker made his requisition, but that commander justifies himself by saying that, "*under his orders*," he could not let Hooker have them. At the late battles of Centreville, where Pope and his army were sacrificed to the jealousies of West Point, the same scene was re-enacted. On the Sunday previous, Hooker and Franklin landed with their divisions at Annapolis. The former, actuated by a fighting impulse, found four days of battle previous to the next Sunday, extricating Pope by beating Ewell on the first, while Franklin, one of the pet Generals of McClellan, did not find a single one. On the Wednesday, during which McClellan sat idly at Alexandria, that commander received an order from Gen. Halleck to place himself within easy supporting distance of Gen. Pope; and a copy of this order was sent to Pope at the same time by Halleck, in order that he might know what were his reliances. Pope, on the strength of this order, requested Franklin and Sumner to come up, and he asked from McClellan rations and forage for his horses. They had been nearly two days without food, and the road to McClellan was all the way within our lines. The answer of the general who received this appeal, and knew its vital character, was, that if Gen. Pope would send a *cavalry* escort (the distance being nearly thirty miles) he should have the desired supplies. "When I received this answer," says Pope, in his report, "I gave up all hope, for I could not withdraw any portion of my force from the front, and if I should gain any advantage of the enemy, I had no means, without cavalry, of following it up.'

The reinforcements under Sumner and Franklin were likewise withheld till Saturday, and on the final day of strife Fitz John Porter, with his division, and Griffin, with his troops, stood still in presence of the enemy, and refused to fight. Even the very soldiers who had been tampered with by some of the Generals of the Peninsula, and taught to despise Pope for that opening proclamation which reflected upon their strategic idol, acted badly, and with such expressions as "damn Pope!" "to hell with Pope!" fought moodily, disgustedly, and almost threw down their arms.

While this shuddering spectacle was in course at Centreville, Little Mac, who refused the forage and the rations to the soldiers of the Union, is reported by the Washington *Chronicle* as having sat upon the hill-side, in the midst of his beloved staff, "quietly smoking his segar, while the booming of the guns bore to his ear the note of battle." "McClellan," continues the *Chronicle*, "was cool and quiet. He stated that Pope was attacked—that he would be defeated—that his own noble men, whom he had loved as children, would be slaughtered as cattle, without any good purpose. He marked out the results as clearly as if it was history—all of which has been fulfilled—and expressed his abiding confidence he would yet, and in a few days, lead the army to victory." Thus stand the lines of a gigantic horror all revealed; and the poor country, against whose welfare it was perpetrated, lay at the mercy of the sword thus plunged within its breast. Poor Pope, defamed to the soldiers, betrayed by their chiefs, deprived of all means, fell a total wreck and hauled off for repairs, unable to obtain the least shadow of redress. And his demand for a court-martial was destined to be smothered by the subsequent authority of Little Mac, in the same way he denied the request of the Senate for an investigation of Ball's Bluff, and as he will doubtless prevent investigation into the mysteries of Antietam and Harper's Ferry.

But let us keep to the thread of our narrative. On the Sunday evening subsequent to these last battles of Bull Run, Gen. McClellan walked into the headquarters of Gen. Halleck, and with an air of injured innocence said:

"I understand, Gen. Halleck, you have censured me."

"I have not censured you," was Gen. Halleck's reply.

"Then, sir," said McClellan, in his usual deliberate style of speech, "I have been greatly misinformed."

"I did not censure you, Gen. McClellan," continued the Commander-in-Chief, "because I did not know what your condition was, or what *excuses* you might have to offer. I did state, however, most emphatically, both to the President and the Secretary of War, that I had expected you to be within supporting distance of Gen. Pope on Thursday; but I did not censure you, because I was not *then* in possession of evidence which I soon expect to obtain."

Whether General Halleck ever collected that evidence in form, or not, we do not know—but we do know, that the military circles which had been all alive on Saturday night, with the expectation that there would soon be work for the Provost Marshal with certain lofty persons, and even for the employment of a *corporal's guard*, were utterly amazed at a bulletin announcing that Gen. McClellan had been re-installed in command of all the forces in the field. Little Mac was in this matter a real victor, and he followed up his advantage, for once, in the true victorious style; for when Pope demanded a court-martial upon Fitz John Porter, Griffin, and the rest of Cæsar's clan, Little Mac dissipated it with the puff of his segar, and banished the western interloper away off to the Indians. Poor Pope may, in his exile, compare the injuries which he received at the hands, respectively, of McClellan and Fremont. The latter, having had serious official disputes with him, merely refused to serve under a commander with whom he could not agree—but Little Mac caught and strangled him, and then hurled him from the Tarpeian rock.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

NEW YORK, October 4, 1862,
OFFICE WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

Two weeks have elapsed since the battle of Antietam, and the forces with which our Young Napoleon claimed to have been brilliantly victorious are still lying in accumulated strength, but one day's march in advance of the ground on which they fought. The rebels, who, it is now ascertained, had, at the most, fifty-five thousand men, as opposed to our hundred and twenty thousand, remain defiantly in front, and stubbornly hold Harper's Ferry; while they offset their losses in the battles of Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, by an equal number of our dead and wounded. By all fair rules of calculation, therefore, Little Mac has got the worst of this embrace of strength; for, admitting results to have been equal in the field, we are losers of the great post of Harper's Ferry; losers also of the fourteen thousand five hundred men, who are struck dead therein from off our army rolls; and losers also of all the vast supplies of food and arms by which the captors are now enabled to remain within our neighborhood. It would seem, therefore, that Little Mac, with his one hundred and twenty thousand men, his sixteen thousand in Harper's Ferry, and his seventy-five thousand advancing from Pennsylvania, has not been so successful as he thought, when he dictated his recent dazzling telegrams, and that his *victories* on these last occasions are very much of the same character as those which he announced at Yorktown, where he did not take a wagon, and those also which he proclaimed from the mud at Turkey Bend, when the enemy leisurely fell back, after having penned him in that pig-sty of the James.

All military authorities say, that the first rule of victory is, to follow up your adversary; and that, however distressed and exhausted may be your own condition, you must pour your cavalry upon his retiring columns, and demoralize him to the utmost. If you cannot do that, the most you can claim is a drawn battle; but if the enemy walk off at his leisure, undisturbed, and grasps, at the same time, your best fortress as he goes—outnumbering you in captives, also, ten to one—it requires but very little frankness to admit, that you have got the worst of it. We fear, however, that Little Mac, in this last brilliant effort of his genius, was terribly hampered, as he has always been, by those presumptuous civilians, who were doubtless, even at that very moment, conducting a fire in his rear. It may be, too, that that super-brilliant fellow, Fitz John Porter, who looked on and refused to fight at Centreville, really disappointed our Young Napoleon, on this occasion, by not furnishing reinforcements, in the crisis of the battle, at the several calls of Pleasanton and Burnside; but whatever the cause was, McClellan again, though in superior force, brought in no spoil, and reaped no victory, but one which, like all his previous triumphs, left him still loser both in troops and arms. We dwell somewhat on this general result, because it is due not only to the eulogists who boasted Mac would now wind up the war, but due also to McClellan himself, for it shows how deeply he is the victim of misfortune. Indeed, it is further due to him it should be known, that on setting out from Washington, in pursuit of Lee, he stated it was his conviction he was "too late, though he would do the best he could;" but then, how could his ingenuous nature suspect Lee of such an unworthy artifice as a "change of base," during a truce for the mere burial of the dead? Thus treachery and deception involve the fortunes of our little general at every step he takes, and the worst of it is, we are constantly agitated with alarm that his persevering ill luck may, at any moment, swamp the country. His caution, however, is a

great reliance. He took nine days to find the enemy in Maryland, over a road of barely fifty miles (indeed, he might not have found him then, had not Lee turned back, and looked for him), and it is now two weeks since he met him *and defeated him;* and he has not followed him yet. We are told he is afraid the Potomac may rise behind him, and thus embarrass his retreat; but we have heard a really great general say, within a day or two, that such consideration is unworthy the master of the situation. Others, more invidious, have suspected Little Mac of *want of courage*, and even the Secretary of War has said, within the week, "Confound him, he will never put himself under fire, nor permit Fitz John Porter to do so either;" but probably such criticisms do more harm than good, and Little Mac had better pass for a hero so long as he continues in the field. His rule as master of the situation is but brief, and he should not be too much worried while it lasts. Moreover, it is not absolutely necessary a commander-in-chief should be a man of courage, though it would be better he possessed that quality. He can get along without it, and if utter exigency require him to dash along the lines, he may seek those locations for display which do not imperil his important person. This was his rule throughout the battles of the Peninsula, where he never was once within the whistle of a ball; and the same prudence must have been the law with him at Antietam, or we should never have heard the above remark from Secretary Stanton.

When Young Napoleon will move again, no prescience can tell. It should be satisfactory to us poor civilians, that, though the army was not sent to Sharpsburg to be "safe," it *is* safe, nevertheless; and on that basis, let us all find margin for the prayer that we may not have another such a victory as Antietam, and that God, in his goodness, will soon get fighting Joe Hooker well again.

FITZ* NAPOLEON NO MORE.

New York, November 13, 1862,
Office Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

After an earnest effort of six months, during which we devoted ourself to demonstrating the incapacity and want of loyalty of Gen. McClellan, we are gratified at being able to congratulate our readers and the country that this muddy incubus and military idiot is virtually dismissed from the American service.

On Friday night last, at his headquarters in Virginia, the rapid strategist who has been following Lee since the 21st October, at the tremendous rate of just two miles and a half a day, was suddenly interrupted in his arduous operations, and required to report himself at the headquarters of his family in the centre of New Jersey. As the order was imperative, and Burnside had received the baton, Manlius had no time for protest; so he packed his trunk, and, taking "an affectionate leave of the army," turned his back on the Blue Ridge, and, surrounded by his sympathizing "staff," moodily steered his charger's head for Trenton. It was a tableau not exactly like that of the farewell of the First Napoleon at Fontainebleau, but still it is worthy of some American artist, and should not be lost to the cartoons of the Capitol. Its contrast with our hero's ostentatious entrance into Washington a year before

* The term Fitz, is a favorite prefix with the British aristocracy, to indicate the bar sinister, or, in plainer terms, to suggest a dash of bastardy. Thus, the Fitz Herberts and the Fitz Clarences were the spawn of the vices of the House of Hanover, while many of the English Fitzes were the waifs oblique of lordly indiscretions.

is well worthy of the historic canvas; and, though we have not a Vernet nor a De la Roche to do the story justice, it might at least be consigned to the patriotic Ackerman, who has a genius for such subjects, and a capacious paint-shop in Nassau street, near Ann.

It may be considered rather fortunate, in some points of view, that we have not the keen and terrific perceptive faculties of a Trumbull or an Ingres, to group around the retiring chieftain, as he slowly picks his way through the blinding snow-storm, which aptly accompanies the close of his career, the fleshless forms and eyeless sockets of the hundred thousand dead, whose reproachful moans mingle with the wind that drifts Fitz Cæsar from the field. That would furnish a painful recollection to the President and the People, rack many a parent's bosom, and fill many a widow's eyes with tears; while, on the other hand, the buoyant brush of Ackerman, charged with its usual cheerful lights, could represent him in the most glowing print-shop fashion, looking three ways with equal strength of feature, and severally labeled Cæsar, Marlborough, and McClellan.

The removal of Little Mac has, of course, occasioned much discussion, and the Secessionists, who relied upon him to hold the army by the bridle till the North could be sickened into peace, even at the price of any shame, are, of course, infuriate at this interference with their god. Nay, they even threaten the Government, that, unless he be again restored to power, they will retaliate by insurrection; but all loyal men rejoice, and the Democracy, who recently rebuked the Government for its long inaction in the field, feel that their late verdict for the vigorous prosecution of the war was not cast by them in vain.

The malignants have, of course, already raised the outcry that Little Mac has been sacrificed while moving on the enemy; but the Country, which has been lied to sufficiently in his behalf, is on this occasion very well advised. We have before us, in connection with the act of his dismissal, the statement of Gen. Halleck, to the effect that he was deliberately betraying the country by his persistent disobedience of orders; and that he did not scruple to circulate direct falsehoods over his own signature, by way of evading his obligations to the Government. That, in the Peninsula, he telegraphed to the President he had but fifty thousand effective men left in his army, while, when Mr. Lincoln went down there, he learned, by questioning the corps commanders separately, that Cæsar had just 80,730. He complained from Sharpsburg he could not obey the repeated orders of Gen. Halleck and the President to move, because of the delay in clothing and supplies; but this declaration was invalidated by the testimony of his own Quartermaster (Ingalls), who telegraphed, slap in his face, that "the reports of the want of clothing in the army of the Potomac were exaggerated." Subsequently (12th October), he strongly complained that the rate of his supply of horses was "only one hundred and fifty a week, for the entire army there and in front of Washington;" but Gen. Meigs nailed this allegation to the counter, two days after (14th October), by showing that the steady supply for the previous six weeks had been one thousand four hundred and fifty-nine per week, or eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-four in all. Thus convicted, Little Mac, reluctantly, retracted his insinuations against Meigs in writing; but subsequently said that, "though he certainly did not impute want of veracity to Gen. Meigs, he would remark that his report of the 14th was, in substance, incorrect." And, to cap the climax of these extraordinary statements and counter-statements, we are informed he has written to William H. Aspinwall, of this city, that, notwithstanding the public outcry on the subject of the reserve, at Antietam, there were but three thousand men in all Fitz John Porter's corps, who were not fully engaged during the progress of that action. Per contra, we have the statement of two

Major-Generals, made to ourself, and of all of the reporters present at Antietam, that none of the troops of Fitz Yellow Kids were brought into action in that battle, and that the idle soldiers who were refused to Pleasanton and Burnside, when the enemy might have been demolished, numbered nearly thirty thousand.

But enough of Fitz Napoleon for the present. He is now lodged at Trenton, where he can do no harm, and a loyal soldier holds the baton which he has disgraced. But the country have now a right to demand that he be tried, and we hope that the degradation of his friend Fitz John, who is now on his way to Washington to answer the serious charge of treason on the field of Centreville, will be speedily followed by the similar arraignment of Fitz Napoleon himself.

THE NEW LEADER.

New York, November 22, 1862,
Office of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

The new chieftainship of the Army in Virginia seems to have given satisfaction to the country, and already Little Mac, with his faint hold on glory, has lost his prismatic colors and faded from public recollection like a vapor, Contrary to the truculent prognostications of his previous admirers, there was no mutiny among the troops at the prospect of losing his invaluable presence; and it is thought very doubtful if he would have been greeted even with a single cheer, had he not artfully secured the escort of his handsome and popular successor.

This presentation of himself by Little Mac to the drawn-up divisions of the army was the last card which the little hero played; and, by-the-bye, he must have been utterly astounded, after what his flatterers had promised him, that the *experienced* veterans of the Peninsula did not break ranks, and swear grimly by their bayonets he should not be thus rudely torn away. But they did nothing of the kind, and the worst feature of the disappointment was, that it was really doubtful whether the acclaim was meant for Burnside or for him.

It certainly cannot be said that Burnside did not act generously by him, in giving him so liberal a chance to test his strength, and in lavishing such kind and courtly terms on one whom the Government had so ignominiously condemned. Indeed, this courtesy on Burnside's part was thought to be rather a stretch of military rule, and, in that point of view, the friends of the latter have not hesitated to declare, that Fitz Napoleon acted very meanly in not returning even so much as one grateful word to the new chieftain in reply. Perhaps they are exacting, but that Fitz Cæsar should at least have said to the soldiers, he found a consolation in his retirement in the fact that his baton had been transferred to an able hand, is clear. That utter nonpareil, Fitz John, performed the same churlish *rôle* in turning over his command to Hooker; but the poutings and sulkiness of these discarded charlatans are of no earthly consequence to either of their firm successors; while we can freely answer for the gallant Hooker, that Fitz John's omission of such proper deference can provoke from the veteran nothing but a burst of laughter.

The army being thus relieved, and the tears all dried, Gen. Burnside addressed himself at once to the reorganization of the main commands; and we get from him, under date of the 14th, an order dividing the whole force

into three grand sections, the first consisting of two full *corps d'armee*, composing the right section under Sumner; the second, on the left, which is also of two *corps*, being assigned to Gen. Franklin, while Hooker is to lead the centre. There Burnside will locate himself—there he can superintend the action of both wings and centre—and there, too, he will have the advantage of the constant counsel of that incomparable leader.

Of this arrangement we have but a word or two to say. First, that Sumner, though as loyal a soldier and as true a gentleman as ever breathed, is not characterized by much military dash or genius, while Franklin will be recollected as one of the intense members of the McClellan set. We have met Gen. Franklin, have no prejudices against him, but we cannot forget the poor show he made with his division at West Point, in the Peninsula, nor the more than doubtful part he played under the manipulation of McClellan, on the road to Centreville. The first affair was characterized by Gen. Kearney as "a run-away picket fight," and the last, we regret to say, was no fight at all. Under all these circumstances, and despite the general good-will toward him, there will be many to regret that Burnside has reposed in him so important a command. As the disasters of Pope resulted largely from Franklin not getting forward in time, and as disasters now, to Burnside, would probably give rise to new clamors for the restoration of McClellan, the action of Franklin in his new command will doubtless invite the keenest scrutiny from first to last. We hope, therefore, he may have the good fortune to entitle himself to the best opinion of the country; and, should triumph await our arms under his leadership, no one will more heartily rejoice in his success than we.

As for Burnside, though we believe the majority of the People expected to see the baton in the bold grasp of Hooker, we are satisfied that his elevation has afforded a pleasant relief from the precarious and alarming administration of McClellan. He is, however, a loyal soldier and an honorable gentleman, and the insinuations set afloat, that he is a mere follower of Little Mac, is a gross insult on his talents. Being the special choice of the Presinent, it has been said, too, that his appointment is a compromise with Seward on the latter's protest against the removal of Napoleon; but if this be true, and the wily Premier who "abominates the sword," has accepted of him as the least onward man, after Gen. Tortoise, we will venture the prediction that he will be seriously disappointed. Gen. Burnside is too true a man to accept of the Little Wizard's assurances in preference to the reliance of his sword; and we feel entirely satisfied, that a full onward movement will soon be made, and that substantial victories will early crown our arms.

THE MODERN ARNOLD.

FITZ JOHN BRANDED AND TURNED LOOSE.

New York, January 24, 1863,
Office of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

There are some offenses so utterly revolting to the instincts of our nature, that it is with the greatest difficulty they can be made amenable to comprehension; some turpitudes so appalling, and so at variance with all the wholesome laws of reason, that even the clearest minds will, for a time, resist them with every resource of doubt. Of this description is the frightful and

unnatural crime, which a court of honorable soldiers has just fixed upon the man heretofore known as General Fitz John Porter.

Previous to the present war, the records of the country presented one character so pre-eminent in infamy, as to entitle it to figure as a type of wickedness, scarcely to be equaled, and never to be mentioned, except as a warning or a curse. That character was Arnold's, and so earnest against it has always been the detestation of the people, that his name, by constant deprecation, has become current with the outside world, in connection with our language, as an accepted sign of baseness of the deepest shade. But there were relieving traits in Arnold's treason which make it almost tolerable, when viewed in comparison with the execrable perfidy of Fitz John Porter. Arnold had been born a subject of Great Britain, his fealty had but lately been transposed, and his new allegiance, so far as the obligations of duration are to be considered, was but lightly rooted. Moreover, he was a man of brilliant talents and daring bravery, and, following these impulses, had rendered signal service to his new country, which he fancied had been invidiously overlooked. Fitz John Porter, on the other hand, had been born under the flag which he betrayed, and his meagre qualities, and more than meagre courage, had always been pampered and rewarded far beyond their weight. Sent from New Hampshire, to the National Academy, he had been reared and educated among her most favored children, and, when accomplished to the extreme of the nation's bounty, was embarked in its indulgent service with a rank which is esteemed, in other lands, to be a proper beginning for a Prince. Gratitude and devotion were to be expected for these gracious kindnesses; and chiefly were the sympathies and services of the recipient to be expected, by the section or State under whose patronage he had attained his position in the world. His sympathies, predilections, associations, and opinions, however, were found to be in opposition to these instincts, and his career soon became marked with a hostility to all the ideas and the sentiments which were identified with the region of his youth.

Passing over the pro-chivalry Mexican campaign—a crusade in which everybody was brevetted, whether deserving it or not—we find him figuring in the Mormon war, and always exercising an influence in council that prevented chastisement to treason. Becoming soon afterward a pet of Floyd's, he was sent by that miscreant—at a time when he had matured his plunder of the public arsenals—on a confidential mission to Fort Sumter. The ostensible pretense was an inspection of its strength, and, while there, the auxiliary of the perfidious Secretary performed his mission in behalf of the Confederates, and prepared for the betrayal of the work by insidiously suggesting to the loyal soldier in command, that, were *he* in charge, "*he* would not attempt to defend the work, if attacked from the land side."

The next theatre of Fitz John's performances was in Virginia, while acting as Chief-of-staff, under Patterson, during the first memorable battle of Bull Run. The public know the history of that deplorable affair, and they need not be told by us, that it was the failure of the force of Patterson—that was virtually under the direction of Porter—to engage Johnson or to reinforce McDowell, which caused the carnage and disasters of that dreadful day. From thence, we trace Porter as the leading adviser of the long and inglorious inactivity before Manassas; the engineer who protracted the disgraceful siege of Yorktown; the strategist who deliberately planted his batteries in a ravine (in one of the seven days' battles), instead of on a height, while he streamed his regiments before a raking fire of the enemy; the beau sabreur who fled precipitately from the sneers of brave McCall, when the butternut lines were advancing upon them at Gaines' Mill; the traitor who failed Pope at Centreville, and the ungrateful comrade who, when Burnside was sinking

under the accumulated weight of Hill and Longstreet, at Antietam, refused reinforcements out of the thirty thousand, which had stood idle under him, during all the fierce temptations of that day. His whole career, therefore, is one consistent current of darkly suspicious acts; and, at the end, he stands convicted by the solemn judgment of his peers, of a villainy which exceeds the measure of the worst that has been thought of him before. It is seldom that, in the course even of the longest life, one man has the opportunity for so much evil as Fitz John Porter found in the space of twenty months; and that he improved all the occasions which were thus presented, no one who has read the testimony in the recent trial, and been an observer of his previous career, can, for a moment, doubt.

The charges against him in that proceeding were, that having, while at Warrenton Junction, Va., on the evening of the 27th August last, received an urgent order from General Pope to move forward at one o'clock on the following morning to Bristow Station (which was but nine miles distant), in order to be able to attack the enemy at daylight; he deliberately disobeyed that order, went to sleep upon it, and did not begin to move his men till daylight. The second charge was, that on the day but one afterward, to wit: the 29th August, he, while in sight of the enemy, at the distance of but a mile and a half for seven hours, did, after receiving an order to attack, shamefully turn his back upon the foe, whose inferior force he might easily have crushed, and march from the sound of the hostile cannon with his whole division, thus leaving the exhausted federal forces to be outnumbered and driven disastrously back upon Arlington Heights and Alexandria. Both of these charges were conclusively established, and so strongly were some of the witnesses persuaded, even before the treason of the second day, that Porter intended, according to the words of the lamented Kearney, "to fail Pope," that one of them declared to Pope "he would shoot him that night, so far as any crime before God was concerned, if the law would but allow it." Pope, however, could not realize that Porter meditated such fatal disobedience; but, sure enough, the morning came without his presence, and it was ten o'clock before the defaulting chief, who had performed the same manœuvre at the first Bull Run, made his appearance with his troops. The meditated pursuit of the enemy could not then be made, and our advantages passed barren from our hands. Upon this point the Judge Advocate, in his masterly recital of the case, disposes of the pretense of the culprit, that he believed he would have got along faster by delaying until daylight, in the following words:

"Nor is it believed that the conduct of the accused finds any shelter in the Napoleonic maxim quoted in the argument for the defense. The discretion it allows to a subordinate, separated from his superior officer, is understood to relate to the *means*, and not the *end* of an order. When the accused determined that, instead of starting at one o'clock, he would start at three or four, he did not resolve that he would arrive at Bristow Station by daylight in a different manner from that indicated by his commanding general, but that he would not arrive there by daylight at all."

The testimony on the second charge makes some astounding revelations. It appears that, on the morning of the 29th, Porter and McDowell were ordered to move forward together on a given road, and follow it till they met the enemy, unless McDowell, who ranked Fitz John, should decide that any considerable advantages were to be gained by pursuing a different course. On arriving at a certain point in their march, McDowell decided that the commands had better be separated, and informing the accused that he (McDowell) would move on with his division and attack the enemy upon the centre, directed him to take a road leading to the left, where the ascending dust showed that the enemy might there be taken in the flank. The accused,

however, instead of receiving the order with the spirit of a soldier, merely pointed with his hand to the dust rising above the trees, and remarked, "We cannot go in there, anywhere, without getting into a fight." The answer of McDowell was--"That's what we came for!" Saying which, being full of his business, he hurriedly rode off. Porter then, in a mere semblance of obedience, ordered a portion of his forces, under Griffin, to move forward, but, when they had advanced about six hundred yards, he directed them to halt. In this position he remained till after five o'clock, P. M., with his thirteen thousand well-appointed men, perfectly idle before an inferior number of the foe, who all the while were contributing to harass and overwhelm our centre. Amazed at Porter's absence from the fight, Pope at length sent him an order, dated at half-past four, P. M., "to push forward into action at once, on the enemy's right flank, and, if possible, upon his rear." This order was delivered to him at half-past five; he received it while lying down under a shade-tree, and, without attempting to obey, he continued reposing in the same manner, during the twenty minutes the messenger remained. In noticing the testimony on this point, Judge Holt employs the following language:

"The accused had, for between five and six hours, been listening to the sounds of the battle raging immediately to his right. Its dust and smoke were before his eyes, and the reverberation of its artillery was in his ears. He must have known the exhaustion and carnage consequent upon this prolonged conflict, and he had reason to believe, as shown by his note to Generals McDowell and King, that our army was giving way before the heavy reinforcements of the enemy. He had a command of some thirteen thousand fresh and well-appointed troops, who had marched but a few miles, and had not fought at all on that day. Under these circumstances, should not an order to charge the enemy have electrified him as a soldier, and have brought him not only to his feet and to his saddle, but have awakened the sounds of eager preparation throughout his camp? But the bugle note of this order seems to have fallen unheeded, and after reading it, and at the close of an interview of from fifteen to twenty minutes, the messenger who bore it turned away, leaving the accused still 'lying on the ground.'"

In a little while after the departure of the messenger, Porter gave an order to fall back, and deliberately retired altogether from the theatre of the still raging battle. All this was known two days afterward by McClellan, yet he retained Fitz John as his chief corps commander, and permitted him to perform the same part, with thirty thousand men, at the subsequent battle of Antietam.

The defense which Porter set up, to excuse his not moving, during the whole of the afternoon previous to the reception of General Pope's order, is equally heinous with his conduct, and at once betrays the utter rottenness and corruption of his case. He assumes that having, in the early part of the day, marched forward with McDowell, who ranked him when they were together, he considered himself all the while still under his command, and consequently felt justified in resting idle, by a message brought him from McDowell, some time after noon, to remain where he was, if he could do no better. This proof, shallow as it is, he attempts to make by a Lieut.-Col. Locke, his chief of staff, who says that when Gen. McDowell had been informed by a message just received from Gen. Porter of his intention to fall back, that he, McDowell, remarked, Porter had better remain where he was, and that he, Locke, delivered these words as an *order* to Gen. Porter. On being cross-examined, Locke stated that these words had been uttered by McDowell in the presence of General King, and were heard by him. General McDowell, however, testifies that no such message was sent by him, and General King swears "he was not with General McDowell that afternoon;" nevertheless, the culprit urged, with an unparalleled effrontery, that, though

the statement to him by Locke, of the reception of such message from McDowell was untrue, yet such an order was delivered by Locke to him, and that he was therefore justified in entertaining and obeying it. No stronger revelation than this can be required of the utter worthlessness of the entire defense. The same witness who falsely deposed to the receipt of the message from McDowell testified to its delivery to Porter; and it is clear that the culprit must have considered his case desperate, indeed, when he clung for his safety to what remained of credit in the words of such a witness.

"But there is one feature of the inaction of the accused on the 29th," says Judge-Advocate Holt, "which it is especially sorrowful to contemplate. How, with the cannonade of the battle in his ears, and its smoke, and the dust of the gathering forces before his eyes, he could, for seven and a half or eight hours, resist the temptation to plunge into the combat, it is difficult to conceive. But this alone is not the saddest aspect in which his conduct presents itself. Colonel Marshall states that, from the cheerings and peculiar yells of the enemy heard on the evening of the 29th, he and every man of his command believed that General Pope's army was being driven from the field."

It is further stated by Judge Holt, that the members of the Court were convinced, from the testimony, "that a vigorous attack upon the enemy by the accused, at any time between twelve o'clock, when the battle began, and dark, when it closed, would have secured a triumph for our arms, and not only the overthrow of the rebel forces, but probably the destruction of Jackson's army." This opinion, in effect, is emphatically expressed by Generals Pope, McDowell, and Roberts, and by Lieut. Col. Smith, all of whom participated in the engagement, and were well qualified to judge. Gen. Roberts, who was on the field throughout the day, says: "I do not doubt at all that it would have resulted in the defeat, if not in the capture of the main army of the Confederates that were in the field at that time." To the same effect is the explicit language of Gen. Pope, while McDowell says that "even had the attack itself failed, the number of troops which would have been withdrawn from the main battle by the enemy to effect this result, would have so far relieve our centre as to render our victory complete."

Upon such revelations and such proofs as these, did the court unanimously find Fitz John Porter guilty of the crimes alleged against him; and upon their verdict did the President strike the malefactor from the rolls, and declare him to be hereafter utterly unfit to wear a sword, or to hold any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States. It was a punishment far short of the measure of the crime; for the culprit should have been run up to a limb, or, at least, led out and shot. But the President, doubtless, credited him with some remaining sensibility to human shame, and therefore judged it to be a keener penalty to force him to live and walk about among his former fellow-men, with a brand upon his forehead which stamps him not only as the murderer of Kearney and of Stevens, but the real betrayer of Antietam and both battles of Bull Run. He, therefore, stalks an outcast, bearing upon his brow the mark of Cain, inviting, but for the decorum of the law, the pistol of every loyal man, and worthy only of the commiseration of the Chief who so unduly pampered and advanced him.

It remains to be seen, whether the morals of the time are so depraved, and whether Massacre and Treason have become so venial in the new calendar of public duty, that that patriotic chieftain will again recognize, or take this modern Arnold by the hand. To our mind, the fact that he can walk about unharmed amid a population whose children he has so ruthlessly betrayed to death, is the most alarming symptom of the hopeless degeneracy of public spirit, and the lowness of the ebb of an ordinary love of country.

We know of no destiny which can now be proper for him, but to be passed at once to the Confederate lines; or to be sent ignominiously to Trenton, to become a senatorial candidate for the Copperhead Democracy of New Jersey.

TETE D'ARMEE.

NEW YORK, January 31, 1863.
OFFICE OF WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

As we go to press, the welcome intelligence comes in that Gen. Hooker has been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Gens. Franklin and Sumner have been relieved of their commands. These are cheering tidings, and we date from them the sure salvation of the country. The removal of Franklin and Sumner from their commands is in accordance with the terms laid down by Gen. Hooker before he would agree to accept the direction of the army; and it indicates, also, with sufficient clearness, that Hooker is to be entirely untrammeled in his place. We shall now soon have victories and earnest action, instead of mysterious strategy and continual defeat. With Rosecrans in the West and Hooker in the East, there is not treason enough in the North, rebellion enough in the South, or imbecility or cross purposes sufficient in the Cabinet, to prevent the war for the Union from being brought to an early and satisfactory conclusion. We congratulate the country and our readers on the great preliminary towards that glorious result, in the appointment of Gen. Hooker to the command of the Army of the North and East; and, at the same time, take a small share of felicitation to ourselves for having so persistently urged the accomplished veteran's advancement. In like manner we felicitate ourselves on the successful exposures which we have made of the incapacity of Fitz Cæsar, the treason of Fitz John, and the generally doubtful and dangerous qualities of the entire McClellan set. "Little Mac" and his satellites will no longer be a nightmare to the minds of the loyal people of this country, for the career of the new commander of the army of the North will as effectually dispose of the military pretension of the dandy dress-circle Napoleon, as the trial of Fitz John Porter fixed the character of his strategy with Pope, between Alexandria and Centreville in August last. The country is safe; and the utmost mischiefs which seditious home traitors can perform will all be rendered null and void by the invigorating influence of Hooker's actions. Victory to our arms is defeat not only of the rebels, but confusion to the seditious scoundrels who are plotting for the Confederates in our midst.

McCLELLAN—A RETROSPECT.

NEW YORK, March 7, 1862,
OFFICE OF WILKES' SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

"Unto my God three times I daily bow,
But, little coxcomb knight, pray what art thou?"

There appears to be a decided inclination among the loyal papers of the country, encouraged, it would seem, by the tranquil temper of the Government, to regard everything at present in a sanguine spirit; and with a praiseworthy buoyancy to carry this disposition to the extent of deprecating even the least misgiving of success. We share the cheerfulness, and, so far as a fair reliance on the future is concerned, claim that no confidence is grounded deeper than our own. Nevertheless, we are not forgetful of the fact, that it is in these periods of promise the greatest evils take us unawares, nor have we overlooked the multiplying signs that a concentrated effort is on foot to bring McClellan back.

We are sure we do not over-estimate this danger. When the history of this war is fully written, the treasons traced from which it sprung, and the subsequent perfidies which crippled its impulses are exposed, the latter will be regarded as the crowning infamies of all. The original traitors who figured in the foreground will, in this final picture, take the second place, and posterity reserve its chiefest execrations for *patriots* now prominent within our lines. Enormous as the crime is, there still may be degrees to treason; and the simplest capacity may comprehend the monstrous width between an ordinary rebel and a traitor who, like Fitz John Porter, betrays his country and his comrades at the same time.

This degraded officer is the type of a class which, by some affinity, have, from the first, centred round McClellan. Their politics were "conservative;" their proclivities Southern; their doctrines were pro-slavery, and they held that the revolt had been provoked by Northern intermeddling. Their military views were consistent with their moral sentiments. It was agreed that, under the distressing circumstances of the case, no decisive battles should be fought, and the favorite tactics of the field, when a show of battle was required, were to be light and ineffective attacks and—never reinforcements. We do not assume that all of the members of this military clan were intentional and premeditated traitors. But few of them would have abandoned their associates in arms, or have willfully betrayed their country, like Fitz Porter; but they had all become so perverted by injurious association, and so swerved by habit from a correct plan of duty, that one-half their moral influences went with the Confederates, and thus fought for the opposing cause. This anomalous state of things at our headquarters became, of course, early known to the secession leaders, and it is not too much to say, that high appointments in the Federal army were as frequently besought from Davis at the court of Richmond, as applied for through the regular routine of the capitol at Washington.

If this state of affairs was understood by Davis, it was no less appreciated and improved by certain important personages in the neighborhood of Mr. Lincoln. These personages did not agree with all the ideas of our military umpires, but their theories were in the main equally "conservative;" and, therefore, it was not difficult for them to come to a perfect understanding. The agreement on one side seems to have been, that no decisive battles should be fought; on the other, it was guaranteed, that compromise and concession should supply the place of subjugation, and that the *wrongs* of our erring Southern brethren should be entirely redressed. Which party of negotiators were to cheat the other in the subsequent distributions of the afterpiece, it is not material for us just now to speculate. The game is not yet closed, but superior rascality will be sure to strike the balance.

McClellan came forward with every opportunity to perform a shining part. It is true he was backed by no substantial prestige. He had entered the Mexican war a lieutenant and came out one, had figured through it merely as a clever stone-mason, and became subsequently an indifferent railroad engineer. But the blazon of his bulletins over the victories of Rosecrans, in the miniature campaign of Western Virginia, brought him before the country with a glow; and the enthusiastic, wishful people were willing to take him in trust, as a new Napoleon. Feeling thus secure in his new position, the policy of masterly inactivity was regularly inaugurated, and a reticence adopted, which was supposed to be peculiarly in keeping with a man of genius. His inauguration began in August, and three months of mighty expectations were exhausted, with an inconsiderable enemy before us, whom our idle soldiers were burning to attack. Among the most restive for assault was a noble Senator, whose martial spirit, eager of example, gladly sought the

sacrifices of the camp. And, probably on account of his rank, and as he might be too critical in the Senate, should he be constantly denied his wish, it was thought advisable to let him have a fight. He got it at Ball's Bluff, was wiped out like a leaf by the breath of the simoom, and his voice was never heard in the Senate hall again. He was the first victim of the profound strategy of weak attacks without subsequent supports; and Stone, who was the helpless agent of the main engineer, was unduly held responsible for the disastrous result.

The next instance of this novel strategy was at Williamsburg, in the Peninsula, where Hooker, after seven hours' fighting, applied in vain for aid from the thirty thousand men who stood all day within the sound of battle. Gen. Sumner would willingly have granted them, but his orders from McClellan were imperative, and the enemy were consequently suffered to escape. At Fair Oaks, Casey's division was sacrificed to the same suicidal tactics; while at Malvern, where the stubborn valor of our troops won a brilliant victory, despite the incompetency of the general, brave officers burst into tears, and some, like Martindale, who saw we might then have pressed the tide of fortune into Richmond, almost resolved to share the fate of the poor fellows whom the craven order to retreat forced them to leave to the mercy of the enemy. At Centreville, the policy of "no reinforcements" again developed itself, in a manner not to be mistaken. Pope had been bravely busy for thirty-seven days in occupying the attention of the enemy, so that Napoleon could escape from the scene of his glories in the Chickahominy; and when he had a right to expect the extricated hero to turn to his assistance, he found that he sullenly and deliberately abandoned him to ruin. He asked him for reinforcements, and he refused them. The President, then, on his own responsibility, ordered Franklin forward, but the contumacious Cæsar stopped him on the road. Finally, Pope begged a little forage for his starving cavalry, but Mac denied this also, and, in keeping with the act, Fitz John Porter at the same moment turned his back upon the front, and forced the Western general, who was thus hopelessly betrayed, to fall precipitately back. All the country understood this act, and expected to see McClellan and his satellites made the subjects of a corporal's guard. They did not bargain, however, for the influences of the other parties to the compact we have heretofore alluded to, and, consequently, were perfectly amazed to behold Little Mac not only emerge from his complication, but actually sail off again in full command, with Fitz John Porter and all his satraps smiling in his train.

He went apparently in pursuit of Lee, but, instead of cutting off his retreat by a rapid flank march to Harper's Ferry, he lounged leisurely after him, over good roads, at the rate of five miles a day, with the view of getting in his front, and shooing him harmlessly out of the State. Lee remained in Maryland for full nine days, and then, reeling with plunder, left at his leisure, sending Jackson in advance to capture Harper's Ferry, as a *bonne bouche*, and to cover his retreat. Franklin was within seven miles of this ill-fated post, with a whole division, and listened tamely to its bombardment for several hours. Its unfortunate commander had been begging earnestly for reinforcements for two days, the President had ordered McClellan to relieve it, and *he* reported he had transmitted orders to Franklin to that effect. But reinforcements were ignored in the "conservative" tactics of the strategic generals, and, with this so-called "order" in his pocket, Franklin remained stock still, and permitted the important post to fall. Lee, then, elated by his fortune, and disdaining the man with whom he had to deal, seems to have been seized with the idea of trying whether McClellan would fight, under any circumstances whatever; so, with but fifty-five thousand effective men, he had the hardihood to take position, with a river in his rear, against a force

posted on a rising ground, and numbering, at the least, one hundred and twenty thousand men.

The history of the action is well known. Hooker opened it, and, while driving the enemy in splendid style, went down with a shot in the foot. It was well for him that he did. He would soon have needed *reinforcements*, and, not getting them, would probably have fallen with a ball in the head. That had been the fate of Baker, at Ball's Bluff; of Kearney and Stevens, at Chantilly; and the early hour at which Hooker got his wound warded him from the fate of the example, and doubtless saved him to the country.

The battle went on feebly, lingering all that day without one grand attack; and presently, when night approached, *Burnside* required reinforcements. The reporter of the *Tribune* describes his aide arriving at headquarters with a request for help. The General turned an inquiring look towards Fitz Porter, his familiar, who stood at his elbow with thirty thousand unused men. That practiced soldier, says the admiring chronicler, gravely and slowly shook his head, whereupon, McClellan replied to the imploring officer—"Tell General Burnside he must hold his position until dark; that this is the battle of the war!" The young reporter doubtless took the secret correspondence, which passed between the eyes of the two chief actors of this scene, for military prescience and profundity. The readers of the *Spirit* will, however, doubtless translate it at this period in a different way.

This battle was, to us, the most disgraceful of the war. The enemy, by McClellan's own admission, slept upon a portion of the field, and yet he had the effrontery to proclaim it as a victory. On the following day, though we had thirty thousand fresh reserves, the enemy were allowed to bury their dead and repose within our view, and the next night they moved leisurely off without the loss of another man. To finish the climax, the commander-in-chief, as if in a spirit of half malicious waggery, reminds us, on the third day, of the picture of Pickwick playfully chasing his hat, by the suggestive telegraphic line,

"*Pleasanton* with his cavalry is in close pursuit of the enemy."

It was a fit epilogue to the disgraceful scenes of Centreville, and a worthy instance, in the line of precedents, to warrant the subsequent tactics of Franklin before Fredericksburg. There, too, that worthy follower was ordered to attack with all his force, but, instead thereof, he assailed the enemy with but two weak divisions under Meade, and then, when that dashing officer had actually succeeded in penetrating the Confederate lines, refused to reinforce him, and in that way gave the battle to the enemy. Thus we find that McClellan, who began by disobeying orders under Scott, who endeavored to exchange the Capitol of Washington for Richmond in the Peninsula, who abandoned Pope to the mercy of the foe at Centreville, who would not put the rebels to the sword at Antietam, and who flatly refused to obey the orders of the President to follow them to Winchester, actually controlled the destiny of the army until Fredericksburg, though ignominiously expelled from its command in the first week in November. He did not go into exile, however, undefended or without angry protests in his favor. The services he had rendered to the hostile cause were too signal for him to be left without a party; and moreover it was plain he was of just the right material to be made a rallying point of opposition to the Government. It is true there was not much of the soldier about him, and there were some exceedingly ugly associations and incidents in his career; but it was clear that he had the respect of Jeff. Davis and the South, that he was coldly aristocratic and "conservative," and that, as such, he would be an eligible rallying point, until the Confederacy could indicate who ultimately should be the common President.

A Tory howl, therefore, was at once set up in McClellan's favor, the cry of persecution was put upon the wind, and, with a barefacedness which at first made everybody laugh, it was claimed that he was a military genius equal to the first Napoleon. The figure of Rosecrans careering in the front of battle, taking the red baptism from a fellow-soldier's blood, reflected rather injuriously upon our strategic hero's prestige, but the resolute lying of a host of venal organs succeeded in keeping him apparently upon his feet, and he is at this moment urged—aye, gravely and powerfully urged—for restoration to the important post from which Halleck has supplanted him.

We conceive no calamity greater than this could be visited upon the country. We believe, indeed, that it would be utter ruin, and that the military prestige of the nation would soon expire under an extension of the feeble non-supporting policy, which betrayed us at Ball's Bluff, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Malvern, Centreville, Antietam, Harper's Ferry, and Fredericksburg. We now want a concentrated and vigorous policy, and not a future dilution of our strength; and if Halleck is short of the requirements of his office, and not up to the occasion, we should look for a successor in bold Ben Butler, and not in the stupid, ineffective, and not over loyal little railroad engineer, who was afraid to move upon the rebels at Manassas, and never once willingly gave them battle afterwards.

The President must be exceedingly cautious how he acts in this business; and he had better, for once, read the loyal papers a little on the subject. The people are still in a temper to submit to much that is unpalatable, out of respect for his intentions, but we warn him they are not prepared to have the destinies of the country passed into the hands of an intractable military despot, nor their liberties confided to the tender mercies of the virulent faction which he represents. But that we have good reason to believe Mr. Seward is even now making the question of McClellan's restoration an alternative, for something which the President desires from him, we would not honor the little strategist with this review; and we feel, therefore, that it would be a gross neglect of duty, did we fail to put in a timely protest. We have merely to add, that should Mr. Lincoln yield to this application for McClellan, Mr. Seward may fairly boast of having made the last convert to "conservatism," that is necessary to make his rule imperial.

LITTLE MAC.

New York, March 14, 1863,
Office of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

"This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls ——."

Little Mac is bitterly testing the philosophy of the poet. Since his brilliant campaign among the Eastern Tories, he has been abruptly sent for to the Capitol, and from the blushing acknowledgment of "conservative" swords, designed for a service in opposition to the Government, he is rather peremptorily required to answer why he failed to use that legitimate weapon which a too generous country gave him along with his commission.

The summons seems to have been in a high degree unpleasant, and he manœuvred to evade it by an offer to forward his replies by mail. The Senate, however, thinking, probably he had already been long enough directed by the counsels of Fitz John Porter, insisted he should answer them in person. His journey by the rail, as contrasted with the ovation recently given him by the eastern Committees of the Golden Circle, can hardly be regarded as a triumph. Not only was the weather cheerless, but he was attended only by a single follower; and it was not his fortune to obtain sleeping quarters in the train. His arrival at Willard's, moreover, created not the least sensation, and instead of the thronging uniforms in the lobbies, and the stir of silk that rose at the tables at the bare appearance of the military favorite of the peace Democracy, an absolute indifference reigned on every side. Indeed, during the first day of his arrival, it was hardly known that he was in the house. There was a time when his satellites could boast for him, in the words of Barlow, "there would be a battle only when Mac ordered it; and there would be a cessation of hostilities and compromise just when he decided." There was a time when he rolled into Washington with his household in a laureled car—a time when he had foreign princes in his train, and fifty horses in his stall—a time when a tutored soldiery, erroneously believing him to be a hero, rent the air with vivas at every clatter of his horse's hoofs; but now, alas for the transitory state of bogus greatness, the atmosphere is cold wherein he walks, and save the poor retainer, who treads in his shortening shadow, there are none so poor to do him reverence.

But there is no marvel in all this. It is according to the law of human measurement. Since Mac was last a client at the Capitol, Fitz John, his associate and friend, nay, his intimate and most trusted counselor, has been branded as a traitor. Since then, it has been demonstrated by the illustrious courage exhibited at Murfreesboro, that a dull pretender has impudently worn the honors of Rich Mountain and claimed to be a new Napoleon on the strength of a campaign, the whole scope of which is bounded by the casualties of forty killed and two hundred wounded. Since then, the deliberating public mind, cooling under the reflective process, has measured him from Ball's Bluff to the unspeakably disgraceful drawn battle at Antietam, and finds him wanting, not only in the spirit which desires battle, but also in that enthusiasm for his cause, without which no leader can be effective with his troops.

It is not surprising that Little Mac should shrink from the ordeal of the Senate, or seek to turn it, by a written answer. We can imagine several questions which it will be exceedingly ugly for him to meet and handle. He will surely require considerable strategy to excuse his early entrance on the career of disobedience, as shown by his contemptuous disregard of the orders of Gen. Scott. He will need still greater art to account satisfactorily for not having acquainted Stone with the fact that he had recalled McCall from Drainsville, while Stone was under orders to move on Leesburg as a mere auxiliary force. And all his resources of finesse will be called into active requisition, not only to excuse his pusillanimous delay before Manassas, but the subsequent astounding blunders that stretched between Yorktown and the Chickahominy.

According to the testimony of the leading generals of the Army of the Potomac, there was not a time in the Peninsula campaign when the Federal troops did not outnumber the forces of the enemy; nor a time when they were superior in equipment, material, and spirit. Yet this superb host, which, under a proper leader, could have been marched anywhere without repulse, was deliberately frittered away, because, as was afterward revealed by Major Key, it was "not the programme to win decisive battles." It was Fitz John

Porter who was the devil of this underplot, and we are willing to believe that McClellan was his tool. That recent favorite of the Common Council was an adept in the arts of treachery, and went to the Peninsula with a record which would have distinguished Judas. It was he who clogged the Mormon war against the Government—he who was selected by Floyd to dishearten the garrison of Sumter against defense—and it was he who, as chief of staff of Patterson, permitted Johnston to go from before him unattacked, to fall in carnage upon our exhausted columns at the first battle of Bull Run. An instinctive traitor, he would have betrayed the enemy, had chance located him openly on that side, and he consequently was the most fatal gift which the previous misfortunes of the campaign could have conferred upon McClellan. It was to this man that McClellan mainly intrusted what was called the siege of Yorktown, but which was truly only the siege of death and disease against the proudest army of its numbers, which, down to that day, the sun had ever shone upon. For weeks, with but an indifferent force before them, our buoyant soldiers were led into the damp trenches, to be saturated into death with fatal fevers; and when the fearful farce was ended, and the enemy had moved off untouched, the Napoleon of the *peace* Democracy, and heir apparent of the Northern Tories, proclaimed to the world he had won a brilliant victory! Though the delay thus incurred had protected the confederate capitol with reinforcements, it cost us about ten thousand lives, while the discouragement with which it imbued our soldiers' hearts was but the forerunner of those calamities which made our legions fugitive from the Peninsula, before the end of August. Every soldier has imprinted on his memory the general results of that deplorable campaign. It will not satisfy the accusations of his memory to be told that "Little Mac is a great hero, a second Napoleon, a profound strategist, and the only man to lead the army," for in his mind rises the ghastly vision of the seven days' fight, the hurrying divisions, the abandoned comrades, and the flying chieftain, foremost in retreat, and seeking an ignominious shelter on a gunboat in the river. It was while Little Mac was thus cowering before the sound of the pursuing cannon that Andrew Porter, the Provost Marshal of the army, sent him a note saying that the Army of the Potomac was destroyed, and urging him to save himself. It was while he was there, moreover, that Gen. Heintzelman also sent him a note, telling him that the soldiers had discovered his absence, and that he could not answer for the consequences unless he came on land and showed himself. Whether Heintzelman coupled these expressions with an assurance to the hero that he would be safe, we are not thoroughly advised, but we know that under its pressure Cæsar sought the shore, and the next thing we hear from him is, about his brilliant "change of base." The panting soldiers, who left their wailing comrades in the swamps, knew just what kind of "change of base" it was—and with the knowledge still in mind, that the very day before the beginning of that prolonged retreat, the little strategist had ordered large transportations by the old Yorktown railroad, they are not to be imposed upon with the report that the "change" was anything but a surprise, and the march otherwise than a precipitate retreat.

But that seven days' flank movement was not all inglorious. At every opportunity the troops performed prodigies of valor, and, though deprived of the presence of their chief commander, they on the last day, at Malvern, turned upon the foe and won a victory that was equal to Austerlitz or Wagram. In fact, they crushed the enemy beneath their feet, and so signal was the triumph, that Richmond lay completely at our mercy. Their shouts of victory rent the air; but what was their astonishment when, instead of an order to charge the retiring rebel lines and advance upon the confederate capitol, they received an order to retreat again, and leave our wounded to be

reclaimed and counted by a flying enemy. It was at this period that numerous generals wrung their hands in rage, and that Kearney, with honest and unbridled anger, denounced the order that imposed such a shameful necessity upon our brave soldiers, as proceeding "either from cowardice or treason!" The indignant protest of the now sainted hero was made in presence of a dozen chafing chieftains, and it wound up with the words—"I, Philip Kearney, who am an old soldier, make this declaration, and I hold myself personally responsible for what I say!" He was not called upon to answer for the accusation; and he is now acquitted of all danger of account, for he perished by being overmatched at Chantilly, while McClellan was withholding help at Alexandria, and Fitz John Porter was betraying him at Centreville.

All these facts are susceptible of plain establishment; and it is likely the Committee of the Senate, on the conduct of the war, have propounded questions which will reach them. Chief among all the inquiries to McClellan, however, have probably been, or should have been, the interrogatories, whether he made reports of his battles according to established military rule; and what he did with the reports which his subordinate Generals handed over to him? The commander who could recommend Fitz John Porter to the President, with a regret that there was no office high enough to duly honor him, should not have neglected this simple justice to his other servants. The soldier fights for glory. That expectation cheers him in his toils, compensates him for his sacrifices, and is an offset, with his kindred, for a gory grave. There is no possession so dear to him, or which, when earned, is so profoundly due; and the pampered chieftain, who, rolling in undeserved applause, is capable of withholding this recognition of meritorious service, is far from being entitled to retain a hold on the affections of the troops, and undeserving of the least particle of their respect.

We leave it to the soldier to estimate this crime. And to the public we refer the task, of deciding on the moral condition of a mind, which can find no subject for its encomiums so worthy as the traitor Fitz John Porter; and no cause so congenial as that of those Northern Tories, who are making war upon the Government, and who basely advocate a laying down of arms before the rebels.

N. Y., March 14, 1863.

McClellan before the Congressional Committee.—McClellan was three days before the Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war, and though but little direct information was extracted from him, he was asked a number of questions which put him to the keenest torture. One of the Senators, in describing his demeanor, said, that he had been engaged for thirty years in testing witnesses upon the stand, but that he never, in all his experience, met one who was so utterly stupid and devoid of self-reliance as this child of genius. "The simplest question," said the Senator, "seems to almost throw him into a spasm, and often before answering it, he looks around the room, and sometimes turns his eyes over his shoulder, as if searching for Fitz John Porter to come to his assistance." Another Senator on the same Committee, said that when McClellan was interrogated, it was his custom to drop his forehead in his hand, and always think a long time before answering. That he repeated this performance at every interrogation; and that he frequently would rise from his seat, and pace the floor, sometimes for five minutes, with his forehead all the while buried in his hand, before he could be delivered, in reply. "During the whole three days," said this Senator, "we did not extort from him as much as would have been extracted from any ordinary witness in an hour." "Perhaps that

was strategy?" was the remark of the gentleman who listened. "No," said the Senator, "it was simply stupidity, and nothing else!" "Did you ask him if he had a plan when he was so long before Manassas?" said the gentleman. "No, it would have taken him six months to have answered that," replied the Senator. "Not a moment, for he had no plan," said the gentleman. "Then he would have occupied at least six hours in evading it," was the answer. "The fact is," continued the Senator, "he utterly exhausted us of our patience by the agony of his dullness, and though I cannot be accused of being over tender to him, I, with the other members, out of sheer mercy, consented to let him go at the end of the third day." "Nevertheless," said the gentleman, "it is a pity you did not force him to answer on the subject of his plan." "There was no use in it at all," was the reply. "There is nothing *to* the man, and he never will be called to a command again!" So much for Little Mac!

N. Y., March 14, 1863.

The Incompetency of McClellan.—A Settler.—Since our last, General Hooker has been summoned again before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, and given in some further valuable testimony. The first interrogatory propounded to him on this occasion was, as to what cause he attributed the failure of the campaign on the Peninsula? Whereupon, he seriously said—"*As I am on oath, I must answer the question. The failure of that movement was owing to the incompetency of the Commanding General.*" Poor Phil. Kearney, now in his grave, from having been sacrificed at Chantilly, by the sullen treason of the McClellan generals, frequently said and wrote the same thing. Do the soldiers, who sigh in vain for the thousands of their comrades who passed out of life, through the fingers of the mock Napoleon, or the public who have counted the army he took into the Peninsula with the one he brought out of it, need any higher authority than this, to support their own verdict on results? Thus ends the career of this boasted child of genius. Thus terminates the worship of this muddy idol. Thus winds up the final verse of tuneful journalists, who imagined the hero of the Chickahominy was good timber for a political campaign. Poor Little Mac, he is measured and gauged, labeled and laid down; and again we say, whoever wants him for a hero can freely have him!

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GEORGE WILKES,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Office, 201 William Street, New York.

SINCLAIR TOUSEY, WHOLESALE AGENT,

No. 121 Nassau Street, N. Y.